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277

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## CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... 277

## LEADING ARTICLES:

Lending the Navy ... 280  
Cant for the Young ... 281

## MIDDLE ARTICLES:

The Prisoner of the Palazzo  
Chigi ... 281  
Thoughts on Income Tax. By  
A. A. Milne ... 282  
Mind, Body, and Estate. By  
Ivor Brown ... 283  
Anna Pavlova. By Dyneley  
Hussey ... 284

## VERSE:

Stay, O Stay. By A. E.  
Coppard ... 282

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

Conservative Policy ... 286  
Liquor Control ... 287  
The Stage Dispute ... 287  
The Rift—Another Protest ... 288

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. CXVII:

Anna Pavlova. By 'Quiz' ... 285

## REVIEWS:

The Growth of a Science ... 288  
North, East, and West ... 289  
The Last Days of Socrates ... 289  
Problems of the Indian Mind ... 290  
In a Twisted Land ... 290  
The Poetry of F. V. Branford ... 291

## NEW FICTION. By Gerald

Gould:  
The Roadside Fire ... 292  
The 'Majestic' Mystery ... 292  
Arnold Waterlow ... 292MOTORING. By H. Thornton  
Rutter ... 293

## ROUND THE LIBRARY TABLE:

Adversaria ... 296

## ACROSTICS ... 296

## CITY NOTES ... 298

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## Notes of the Week

WITH the much advertised departure of the two Premiers in the same compartment from Geneva, the Assembly has shed its oratorical display and got down to hard work. There will be few reports of its activities until some form of agreement is reached and the chief actors return to take their calls, which will probably not be until early in October. It is unfortunate that so weak a British team has been left. Lord Parmoor, who already has a remarkable record in this respect, is in charge of negotiations of the utmost importance to this country. Well informed opinion is particularly exercised as to the nature of the guarantee of assistance in case of aggression which will have to be given to France, if agreement is to be reached at all. M. Herriot's main difficulty last week in dealing with Mr. MacDonald lay in the rapidity with which the League discussion of the "security" problem followed on the London agreement. The concessions attributed to M. Herriot on that occasion were accepted in France as inevitable, but a counterbalancing success was looked for at Geneva. For the French Prime Minister to fail for the second time to secure even a paper victory would be to forfeit his post.

## SANCTIONS

Seldom can a statement of first-class importance on British policy have been made in a more casual manner than the recent reference by Lord Parmoor to the utilization of the British fleet to enforce sanctions ordered by the League. The ultimate employment of force to ensure, if necessary, the carrying out of the decisions of the League has to be envisaged, but it is inconceivable that any Government should, without the direct authority of Parliament, pledge the use of the British Navy for such a purpose. As we have so often emphasized, the growth of the League must be gradual, and until it has attained the strength of a man to give it, without supervision, the weapons of a man is a highly dangerous proceeding.

## IMPRATICABLE

Lord Parmoor displays an amiable generosity in offering to lend what is not his. The Navy is to be communalized, lent out like the village bath-chair to poor inhabitants. But Lord Parmoor does not speak for England. The British nation will never stand for this, not because it is lacking in idealism, but because it has too hard-headed an appreciation of facts to deceive itself into imagining the scheme would be practical politics. Perhaps it was a realization of what would be the attitude of the British people that led to a suppression of the proposal during public debate, and only allowed the news to leak out, as it were, in the semi-secrecy of the sub-committee. Such furtive methods of diplomacy can only bring the League into dishonour.

## A QUIBBLE

The latest news seems to suggest that in deference to public opinion in this country no specific allusion to the British fleet will be made in the text of the protocol. But since each country will still be held bound in certain cases to lend the whole of its armed forces to the League, the mere omission of verbal reference to this or that specific armed force is a quibble unworthy of an international body of idealists. This is to make the protocol an instrument of deceit. In a leading article we examine in some detail the dangerous implications of this marvellous proposal. When the full facts of the matter are divulged, they may, of course, lay our fears at rest. But if what now appears to have been promised has indeed been promised, Lord Parmoor should instantly be recalled.

## ULSTER'S DECISION

Ulster has come to the decision expected by all who knew the temper of her people. She will not appoint a Boundary Commissioner. The Commission can therefore be set up only by arbitrarily putting on it someone who may be called a representative of Ulster but who will not be recognized as such. The opinions

of such a member cannot in the smallest degree bind or influence Ulster. Nor can a Commission have any logical claim to respect when the spokesmen of the disputants are not on a parity, but are, the one an accredited plenipotentiary, the other a man foisted on the Commission. Commonsense demands that, instead of taking action which must embitter the Irish dispute, a further chance should be given for a purely Irish settlement by direct negotiation by the parties most concerned. Pending such a settlement, of which we entertain no immediate hope but of which we refuse to despair, it is for politicians and publicists in this country to keep cool.

#### THE POLITICAL "PUSH"

The political storm season is at hand. Foliage and verbiage will be blown together on the winds of autumn. All three parties are about to launch their oratorical campaigns explanatory, justificatory, and promissory. But despite the deluge the Government is unlikely to dissolve. It becomes less and less probable that the Russian Treaty will be made the subject of an appeal to the electorate. The strategy of the politicians will be instructive to watch. The Liberals, despite the repeated assurances of Mr. Lloyd George, are by no means of one mind on the Russian issue. Discretion is persuading many of them that amendments to the treaty will satisfy their consciences. In the event of this course being adopted by the party as a whole we shall be interested to see by what arguments the agile Mr. George will endeavour to square his own vehemently propounded opinion of the treaty with that of his followers.

#### SPRING—AND THE BUDGET

The Prime Minister will be likely to accept amendments with relief, not to say gratitude. More sober Socialists realize how unpopular the Russian treaty would be as a cry with which to go to the country. They now look forward to the promise of spring and another bumper budget from Mr. Snowden. That would be a more likely bribe to carry to their constituencies.

#### CONSERVATISM AND THE WORKING-MAN

The letter addressed from Unionist headquarters to local constituencies, proposing plans for the further democratization of the party, comes as particularly welcome news. We have constantly urged in these columns the need for enlisting the co-operation of the working-man in furthering the interests of the party. Furthermore, we have advocated the absolute necessity of harder and more constant work by all adherents of Conservatism, on the intensive lines pursued by Socialists throughout the country. But the new proposals, if accepted by the national meeting at Newcastle at the beginning of next month, will not of themselves work a miracle. There is much yet to be done. Conservatism still lacks at the moment a compelling and unifying ideal, which shall inspire every worker and appeal irresistibly to the electorate. It is useless to have the most efficient service of messengers in the world unless they are given some message to deliver.

#### LABOUR AND THE BOLSHEVISTS

The extraordinary circular issued jointly by the General Council of the Trades Union Congress and the Executive Committee of the Labour Party is intended, we are told, to bring "the true facts" about Bolshevik Russia and the amazing compact made with it by Mr. Ponsonby under the eyes of the British public. It stops short of recommending Russia as a perfect model; it is good enough to acknowledge that the Russian form of government is not "necessary" under our parliamentary system. But for the rest it is an impudent attempt to whitewash the criminal rulers of Soviet Russia, accompanied by even more impudent

assertions that the two treaties already negotiated with Russia, when made effective by the third treaty, will contribute to British prosperity. To this economic argument it adds a moral argument. We owe compensation to Russia for having assisted those Russians who were our allies against those who were our betrayers. The document would be contemptible if issued from some hole-and-corner Communist organization. What are we to think when it emanates from the central Labour authorities?

#### FRANCE AND RUSSIA

The Socialists in this country are watching things in France very closely. They are showing some irritation at what they call the delay in recognizing the Soviet Government, their view being that M. Herriot should have followed Mr. MacDonald's example and made recognition immediate and unconditional. But France has no intention of taking a false step of this kind and M. Herriot intends to proceed warily. He has appointed a Committee to consider the methods to be followed before coming to any decision on the matter. This is the statesmanlike course to pursue, and it may be taken for granted that the position of the French bondholders and the opinion of the French bankers will receive every consideration at the hands of this tribunal. Had our Prime Minister acted with the same caution and the same regard for the British position the outlook for British bondholders and British traders would be very different from what it is to-day. The case of both was given away by unconditional recognition on our part. The French Government have no intention of pursuing Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's tactics. If recognition is to come, and we do not doubt that it is, it will not be granted at the dictation of the Union of Soviet Republics, but in accordance with lines laid down by France and presumably acceptable to the French nation.

#### GERMANY'S WAR GUILT

As a result of the intervention of neutral mediators, the German Government has been saved from the incalculable folly of sending to the Assembly a denunciation of the admission of war guilt contained in the Treaty of Versailles. The attempt to do so represents in all probability no more than an effort by the Government to redeem a promise given to the Nationalists as one of the conditions for their support of the Dawes legislation. Moreover, the Foreign Minister has been at pains to explain to the representative of a British newspaper that the German Government does not consider a formal recognition of her attitude by the Allies as a necessary preliminary to her application for membership of the League. At the same time it seems unlikely that such an application will be made during the present session. The difficulty remains that the Covenant of the League is contained in the Treaty and that membership of the League would seem to imply a re-affirmation of the Treaty. Dr. Stresemann would be well advised to allow the present postponement of the question of war guilt to become permanent.

#### SPAIN

The Spanish withdrawal from the advanced posts in Morocco continues and the temporary surrender of the great majority of the Spanish zone is foreshadowed. It seems likely that the new line will not be far south of Tetuan and that the Spanish armies will concentrate in the flat country in the north and west of the promontory. The wisdom of this policy is obvious, since it results in the abandonment of the difficult hill country and enables the armies to be re-organized for the offensive which must follow. At the same time General Primo de Rivera has undertaken to introduce important political and religious innovations which, combined with a successful attack, should make peace possible. At the moment the Moorish demands increase with every

advance and, though both sides probably desire peace, it would be impossible for them to agree on terms. The whole future now turns on the time factor. If the Directory can carry out their plan and make peace quickly, the danger of internal disturbance in Spain would probably be removed and the situation saved, but it is difficult to be optimistic in view of the extent of the defeat in Morocco.

#### THE LEE REPORT

The proposals for ameliorating the very unsatisfactory conditions of service in India were framed with a view to complete and immediate adoption. In justice alike to the body that framed them, and secured unanimity only on the understanding that they would be speedily applied as a whole, and to the aggrieved services, prompt action by the Secretary of State was indicated. But Lord Olivier must needs pander to the self-importance of the Indian Legislation Assembly, which has no competence in the matter, since the superior or "covenanted" services, have their contracts with the Secretary of State. Urgently necessary relief has been held up in order to obtain the opinion of the Assembly, an opinion which every one could predict, for the Assembly is packed with members whose one wish is to make India impossible for the white official. The Assembly has rejected the proposals of the Lee Report; they have been passed, as of course they would be, in the Council of State; and the solemn farce is at its end. They can now be put in action—after the creation of a great deal of unnecessary bitterness and race feeling.

#### THE COVENT GARDEN DISPUTE

We find it difficult to understand why the Covent Garden employers, who are hostile to arbitration in principle, and indeed contemplate a board of arbitration for the settlement of future disputes, have rejected the Court of Inquiry's recommendation. The only ostensible reason is that the employers have more or less satisfactorily adjusted their business to the conditions created by the strike and are content to carry on. But the employers, as the Court assured them, have nothing to lose by submission of their case to arbitration, whereas by declining to do so they evade rather than meet the case framed by the discontented workers, and intensify the unfortunate impression produced by refusal to meet Sir David Shackleton. They are unwise to give such a handle to their opponents.

#### ONE MORAL OF THE STRIKE

The Covent Garden strike has been an almost total failure because it failed to inconvenience the public. The workers who took part in it may reflect now on the manner in which inequality, expelled with a fork, nevertheless reacts in the most democratic of industrial commonwealths. Had they been employed in some service vital to the community at large, such as transport, they would probably have got their way. But, despite all the talk of equality of opportunity, the various sections of Labour cannot secure equality of opportunity for blackmail. The value of the strike as a weapon depends on the amount and nature of the hardship that can thereby be inflicted on the general public, not on the merits of the class striking or of their case at the moment when they quit work. A policy of strikes can only accentuate such inequalities, whereas recourse to arbitration should minimize them. "This we deserve and expect from an impartial decision" is wiser language than, "This we will do to extort it."

#### THE DOMINIONS CONFERENCE

The date for the assembly of the Dominions Conference does not yet appear to have been fixed: at any rate, no announcement has been made. The note convening the meeting has resulted in much correspondence, but apparently it required a personal talk between the Colonial Secretary and General Hertzog,

for the Prime Minister of South Africa to elucidate the meaning of the communication. It may be that the other Dominion Premiers are still in the dark as to the true inwardness of the invitation. We confess we thought the wording singular, and the hint about party feeling and party policy was quite unnecessary. So far as we understand, the conference is to be a conference *ad hoc*, not a sitting of the Imperial Conference, and Oversea Prime Ministers are not expected to attend. Exactly who the expected will be has not yet transpired, but without the aid of the Dominion Prime Ministers it would hardly seem that much progress can be made with so important a matter as inter-Imperial co-operation in foreign affairs. General Smuts has intimated that he fails to see that any useful object can be served by the conference. It will be of secondary importance, having for its object the drawing up of a report for the Dominion Governments, leaving any decision to be made at the Imperial Conference, which in the ordinary course of events will be held two years hence.

#### CHINA AND BRITISH TRADE

Rain has prevented any serious fighting in China. Nevertheless, the Central Government is making extensive preparations and a new Cabinet has been formed under Dr. Yen, an able man of American education. An army has also been dispatched to Manchuria to deal with Chang-Tso-lin, but contact has not yet been established. In the south, Dr. Sun-Yat-sen is taking desperate measures to rally the people to his flag. Democratic elections are promised, and, more alluring still, the remission of all taxation. As, however, his main difficulty was reported to be lack of funds, it is hard to see how these measures will afford him any material relief. A more serious side to the picture is the damage done to British trade. For the first six months of 1924 imports to this country from China (exclusive of Hong Kong) amounted to approximately £5,000,000, and our exports to China for the same period to some £10,000,000. We can ill afford the loss of such a market.

#### WEST AFRICA FOR GERMANS?

An advertisement informs us that certain lands in the Cameroons, being the former property of enemies, are for sale under instructions from the Government, and are offered "without reservation" to purchasers of all nationalities. In effect, the expropriated Germans are invited to acquire these banana, tobacco, and sugar plantations, factory sites, piers, and commercial premises. There may be adequate economic reasons for a sale without restrictions, but we do not recollect hearing of any attempt to dispose of these properties in a manner less irritating to British sentiment than sale to Germans. Nor can we recall any assurance that the proceeds will be applied, to any extent, in ways that would mitigate the feelings aroused by the prospect of seeing Germans once more in possession.

#### THE LOST BOOKS OF LIVY

When, a month ago, the announcement that the complete works of Livy had been found by an Italian scholar was made, we remarked that we received it "with some interest mingled with polite incredulity," and pointed out its extreme improbability. Since then our solution of the riddle, more broadly hinted at last week, has been fully justified by the confession, reported as we are going to press, that the unfortunate scholar has been a victim to self-hallucination. At any rate the stir in the learned world, and the much greater commotion in less literate quarters, are so far gratifying that they bear witness to the abiding hold the classics still have on popular imagination. If in addition they have directed attention to the sterling qualities which have made Livy a favourite among scholars and the not remote source of some of our greatest dramas, this unfortunate occurrence will have served a useful purpose.

## LENDING OUT THE NAVY

WITH all goodwill towards the League of Nations, and every desire to see this country prominent in service to such of its ideals as may be attainable, we are bound to protest against the project of lending out the British Navy to coerce Powers which may defy the League. The scheme is vague, as with Lord Parmoor for its author or part-author it was bound to be. It was produced, either by him or on a hint from him, in a minute branch committee of a sub-committee; not in the Sub-Committee of Twelve specially charged with the study of such matters, but in an off-shoot of that meeting under the chairmanship of Dr. Benes, Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia, and comprising only five or six members. If it is seriously intended, the scheme will have to be very fully discussed by larger and more representative bodies before it is submitted for formal adoption, and during the interval we shall doubtless learn something of the circumstances in which it would be applicable. For the moment, we know only that the head of the British delegation, whose utterances are as ambiguous as his policy is variable, and who but the other day was haranguing the League in condemnation of all naval and military sanctions, has either originated or inspired this fantastic and perilous scheme, whereby, in circumstances so far undefined, the British Navy would be placed at the disposal of the League. It may be presumed that our Navy would not always or even ordinarily act alone, as the sole instruments of the League. But we need not press that point, for in any event the main part of the task of blockading a Power recalcitrant to that League would devolve on the British Navy.

The two questions that immediately arise are, under what conditions would Lord Parmoor lend out the British Navy, and what would be the effect of its employment on British relations with other Powers? One of the most dangerous ideas entertained by the more impatient out-and-out supporters of the League is that unanimity as the condition of taking naval and military sanctions should be abandoned. The obvious and powerful objection to decisions by a majority of the Council of the League is that under such a system a country voting in the minority might be obliged to take naval or military action against its conscience. This matter is still unsettled. Commonsense is against majority decisions; and, to use an argument more likely to be appreciated at Geneva, the proposed system is incompatible with the League's recognition of the full sovereignty of each of its member countries. It would be hazardous, however, to assume that the demand for majority decisions will not prevail. Enthusiasts for the League are busy pointing out that if it is to be of practical use, it must be able to come to rapid decisions in matters of urgency, which are precisely the matters most productive of war; and they dwell on the improbability of absolute unanimity being obtained on questions at all complex. There is thus some uncertainty whether the employment of the British Navy would be contingent on a unanimous vote or could be decreed by a mere majority. In the former event, the consent of Great Britain would be a pre-requisite of any blockade; in the latter, the British Navy might be employed by a majority of the League for purposes of which British public opinion disapproved, and against a nation with which this country was on perfectly friendly terms or even in alliance.

But this prospect of involuntary embroilment with other Powers subscribing or about to be admitted, to the League is cheerful compared with that which opens before us when we look beyond the membership of the League, to the great Power that stands free of all obligation to Geneva. No very long memory is needed to recall the delicate questions which arose between Great Britain and the United States in the early months of the late war over the rights of neutral shipping. Suppose that the League decided to punish by blockade some maritime Power with which the United States

carried on trade. Would the United States, in such a case, respect the blockade? The penalized country might easily be one with which American trade was important. It might be, in the official American view, a country undeserving of the treatment decreed by the League. Could we expect the United States to make heavy commercial sacrifices out of courtesy to a body of which it was not a member and with which it did not agree? We think not. No doubt, American statesmanship would recognize that the blockading British Navy was merely the instrument of the League, but even so this country would incur a special measure of official American displeasure; and the American public, containing as it does elements always hostile to this country, would probably put the whole responsibility on Great Britain. It is not too much to say that the employment of the British Navy in the manner suggested by Geneva would sooner or later bring this country within measurable distance of war with the United States.

These considerations, fatally damaging to the scheme, by no means exhaust the objections to it. The Navy, which it is now proposed to make the tool of Geneva, exists primarily for the defence of the British Empire. The distribution of its ships is determined by a calculation of the risks to which this country and the principal sea-routes between it and the Dominions and India are exposed. It can be effective for defence only if those ships are readily available for concentration where they are needed and if they and their crews are in condition. If any substantial portion of our naval forces is engaged at the other end of the world, or even nearer home but in waters from which it cannot easily be withdrawn, the value of the Navy for the defence of the British Empire is seriously impaired. And if the country which it has been blockading has added to the wickedness of defying the League that of using ships, submarines, mines and aircraft against the fleet carrying out the League's behests, Great Britain may find herself, at the moment she is menaced, mourning loss and damage on a scale appreciably affecting her naval strength. For the British Navy has been reduced to the point at which it can spare no force for crusading at the ends of the earth in obedience to cosmopolitan orders, but must reseve itself intact and at the proper strategic points for its original duty of protecting Great Britain and the Empire.

Lord Parmoor seems to think otherwise, and though we know by now both his disposition to speak beyond or beside his brief and his habit of saying something not precisely expressive of his meaning, we must suppose that he has some kind of backing from the Government. We observe that the sole objection officially made to the scheme so far, that heard from Sir Cecil Hurst, wholly ignores all the very evident difficulties and dangers which we have just summarized. According to its spokesmen at Geneva, the British Government can find nothing to urge against the scheme except the possibility that the Hague Tribunal might not approve of the directions given to the British Navy by the Council of the League. On this extraordinary view of the matter, the only flaw in the scheme is that the British Navy might find it difficult to serve two foreign masters. The dangerous absurdity of requiring it to serve one does not seem to strike anyone at Geneva. But the business of a British representative at any international gathering is to avoid committing, or even seeming to commit, his country to schemes which British public opinion not only will not support but will tear to shreds. Lord Parmoor may not have meant to go as far as he appears to have gone. He may have indulged a personal hope rather than formulated a serious and officially sanctioned offer of the British Navy. Explanations may clear the Government of complicity in this preposterous scheme of settling British Naval distribution of forces at Geneva instead of at the British Admiralty. But nothing can exculpate Lord Parmoor. He has quite finally proved himself unfit for his responsibilities at Geneva.

## CANT FOR THE YOUNG

FOR some years now the idea has been spread about that the mopping up of the mess which the elders of the nation made of the war and the peace may properly and confidently be left to youth. The hope of the people is set on two classes of its younger members, on those who in 1914-18 were of an age to take an active part in the winning of the war, and on those who reached adolescence to take a passive part in the losing of the peace. No doubt, not quite the same qualities and aspirations and efforts are expected from these two classes. The former is reckoned upon to contribute the virtues of experience and the latter those of innocence, while, to a Blake-like song of triumph, they combine to build Jerusalem in England's partially green and potentially pleasant land. But we look about us and observe few opportunities for practical application of the building skill with which both classes are credited, and we inquire of fairly representative members of those classes and find little eagerness for the enterprise.

The young, now not so very young, who went through the war are not in every instance, and perhaps not even on the average, the better fitted by that experience to help in ordering the life of the nation. They met the all but intolerable test imposed on them, but some of them exhausted energy and fortitude in meeting it, and whether now physically sound or not are spiritually worn out. Some, it may be not less severely tried, took the war on the whole more lightly, but after three or four years of having their objectives determined for them are almost incapable of independent purpose. These await the definite and compelling leadership which in the miserable guerilla warfare of peace will never be given them. Lacking it, they drift, or exert themselves only spasmodically. There remain those, happy warriors indeed, who can apply in peace the lessons they learned in the war, but theirs is the faculty rather than the opportunity. For the world is still that governed by their elders; and though so many of those elders now beckon youth to take charge of the nation's business, hardly one indicates precisely where youth may begin. The invitation is general, vague, often insincere.

It is extended also to that other class of young men who, when the war was over, were old enough only to suspect that the victory was being muddled away. Why this singularly unfortunate class should be expected to show exceptional civic virtues passes conjecture. Its members began to take intelligent notice of national affairs under aspects the most abnormal and depressing. Only the most imaginative of its members can have any idea of the England that was, or of what was sacrificed to win the war, or perhaps merely to give bureaucrats the notion that they were winning it. So far as it apprehended the war as more than news in the papers, it was harrowed by events which it could not shape or delay or rise above, and by emotions which, far from purifying it, left it in the end numb. The elders, since they too were not directly participant in the war, it may in some measure understand, but between it and its immediate seniors who fought in the war there is a gulf across which sympathy can hardly reach. To suppose, then, that those who were nearing manhood when the war broke out and those who were children at that time can easily combine for some grandiose work of reconstruction is to indulge a foolish fancy.

This youngest generation, with however many individual exceptions, neither hankers after the old Jerusalem which it barely dwelt in, nor vehemently desires to build a new. It is, in the main, of subdued vitality, faintly aware of having lost something which once made life in England better worth living, but with too vague a sense of the thing lost to be strenuous in seeking it out again. Its virtues, no doubt, are many and admirable, but its vices are of a disconcerting tameness. So that it may dance till three in the

morning with an epicure partner and with lemon-squash for stimulant, it is content to forgo the world, the flesh and the devil, and its virtues and sins alike seem somewhat lacking in salt. More to our purpose, it often appears to be devoid of personal ambition. It has had the demoralizing experience of seeing slightly older friends and relations driven by force of post-war circumstances into temporary, unworthy, blind alley occupations. It has grown accustomed to the spectacle of public school and university men as secretary-chauffeurs, part-time touts, teachers of dancing and what not, and without the very valid excuse they have is rather inclined to drift into similar jobs itself instead of seeking a professional career. In temper its weaker members are like the frustrate person of whom Charles Lamb said that he was intended for a tailor but lacked spirit.

All this, given the conditions, is intelligible enough, and we need not doubt that the traditional qualities of our race are latent in even the weariest of these very young men. But it is nonsense to resign the national future to their care as to that of a braced and strenuously aspiring generation. One set of young men have had too much discipline of a particular kind and then been turned adrift into a civilian world where there is too little; the other set are vicariously tired; and, broadly speaking, the only reason for regarding both as a fatigued party is that the fatigue is there. These are harsh words, and as regards thousands of individuals unfair, but they convey the rough truth of the matter, and it has become very necessary to say them at a time when mock humility and desire to shuffle off responsibility for the future cause far too many elders to indulge in cant about youth's mission and opportunity. Flattery will not inspire youth; rhetorical exhortations to unspecified tasks will not call forth into full activity the numbed energies of the rising generation. Immense potentialities are doomed to remain unrealized so long as we cheat ourselves into the belief that youth will automatically take effective charge of the affairs of the nation. It will do nothing of the kind. It will not rise to its opportunities till it is definitely given them; and it will not get those opportunities until every one among its elders has understood that to allow waste and drift in these young lives, to look on while a proved young leader of men is forced into pauperdom or parasitism, or while a lad of the yet younger class declines the contest for which education has fitted him, is a grave social offence.

## THE PRISONER OF THE PALAZZO CHIGI

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN ITALY]

Bologna, September 13

IT is the fate of weekly periodicals issued on Friday to look foolish for ignorance of the epoch-making events of Thursday. This week's *Travaso*—the *Punch* of Rome—knows nothing of the murder of the Fascist Deputy Arnaldo Casalini, which yesterday sent squadrons of black shirts through the streets of a hundred towns on punitive expeditions against alleged "responsible." None the less its front-page cartoon is one of singular aptitude. It depicts on the left the Dome of St. Peter's, and on the right the Palazzo Chigi, Signor Mussolini's Foreign Office, with its distinguished occupant upon the roof, accompanied by his pet lion and a tiny haloed Deity—the contrast in stature between the Creator and the Duce being supposed to measure their comparative importance in the latter's view. From the dome proceeds the voice of the Prisoner of the Vatican, "Mussolini, they say you are a prisoner like myself." "If only I were!" is the answer. "At least, you are your own gaoler."

Who is Signor Mussolini's gaoler? the reader is forced to ask himself. For three months that has been the preoccupation of every serious mind in Italy. Yesterday's assassination has but added urgency to the

inquiry. The Fascist party has shown a complete inability to speak out roundly and with a single voice about the Matteotti murder. Will its accents be clearer on the Casalini atrocity? The Cabinet, it is true, at once issued a laudable pronouncement against reprisals. The Fascist Directory has also spoken out against reprisals or "speculations"—the latter meaning exploitation of the tragedy for political ends, such as the Opposition is not unjustly accused of having practised in the case of Giacomo Matteotti. But what is the response to these appeals in the country at large? At Cremona Roberto Farinacci, the redoubtful exponent of Extreme Fascism cries out for the arrest not—as might be supposed—of the Communist leaders (the assassin Corri being a confessed disciple of the lore of Lenin), but for that of Amendola, leader of the Nittiani Liberals, Albertini, owner and editor of the *Corriere della Sera*, immeasurably the weightiest daily paper in Italy, Sturzo, leader of the Catholic-Populars, Modigliani and Turati, staid leaders of the moderate and intellectual Socialist wing, and a whole series of similar "criminals." Placarded over this town, as I write, are flaming invocations to Mussolini to "loosen our hands, O Lord!" and reminders to him that 300,000 bayonets are at his disposal night and day. As to abstinence from reprisals, if nothing worse than smashed windows and devastated offices are reported to-day, the multitude of such incidents shows that good luck, rather than good morale, saved the Fascists from further tragic mistakes last night.

Is Mussolini the prisoner of his wild men? That is the one question which matters. Till three months ago belief in the omnipotence and the omniscience of the Duce were pretty general. It is now impossible to believe in more than one: either he was not omniscient, and knew not in June what poisons were being brewed under his very nose and with complicity of his chief lieutenants: or else not omnipotent, since he failed to free himself of dangerous associates. The third possibility, that he knew what was happening and could have stopped it, but did not want to, is too horrible to be seriously entertained.

In the view of many shrewd persons, the Matteotti murder gave Mussolini a wonderful opportunity of putting himself at the head of the nation. He failed to take it, and has remained, apparently somewhat embarrassed, at the head of a party which is rapidly ceasing to represent the majority of the nation. The Casalini crime may give him another opportunity and it is probably Italy's only fair chance of escaping a new era of turmoil, that he should take it. The Opposition counts good and strong men, vastly superior in intellect and culture to any in the Fascist ranks. But it is difficult to discern any combination of Liberals, Catholics, Socialists and D'Annunzians, which could conceivably give stability to a Government composed of the "criminals" Signor Farinacci wishes to hurl into gaol. For Italy it looks like being "*Aut Cæsar aut nullus.*" And the really grave question is whether Italy's Cæsar is a reality or a myth.

### Verse

#### STAY, O STAY

O F love's design'd joys  
Dream only, do not speak,  
Lest every noting hour  
A separate vengeance take.

Holy is love, but frail  
With love's confined desires,  
Against whose chosen urn  
Time like a thief conspires.

Keep silence; love will grow  
In its own darkened air,  
A moon whose clouds do make  
Heaven and itself more fair.

A. E. COPPARD

### THOUGHTS ON INCOME TAX

By A. A. MILNE

NOTHING is so easy as to become an authority on a subject. I knew a man called Brown who discovered a sixteenth-century poet called Cranstone. Cranstone (so Brown averred) had written that lovely lyric beginning, "When Aprile with her showers, *With a hey and a ho and a hey nonny no,*" and had died shortly afterwards in a small public-house at Wapping. An article in one of our monthlies, calling attention to this almost forgotten worthy, followed by a complete edition of his "remains" (hitherto attributed to Shakespeare), left the deceased much where he was, but gave Brown a definite place in the literary hierarchy as "the great Cranstone authority." With no more difficulty than this I have become a super-tax authority. A sudden fury at being asked, for the sixth time in three years, to analyse minutely my income for 1921, found relief in a couple of letters to *The Times*; and should have ended there. But the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW will not have it so. As an authority, it is my duty to go on being indignant.

Of course no one (least of all myself) is really an authority on super-tax. Indeed, there are people so ignorant that they imagine super-tax to bear the same relation to income-tax as a super-man bears to you or me. In my paper this morning a writer says that the payment of super-tax is a proof of "success, indeed, in these days." The qualification is delightfully muddle-headed. In these days! The plain fact is, of course, that before the war the super-tax limit was £5,000 a year, and that now it is £2,000, the latter income "in these days" being equivalent to £1,200 in those days. But though one is not a super-profligate to be liable for it, one needs to be a super-accountant to grapple with it; and to combine super-accountancy with moderate proficiency in one's own profession is too much to ask of the ordinary man.

No doubt we all think that our own case is the hardest, yet I invite your particular sympathy for those of us who call ourselves authors. The primary cause of the trouble to which we are put lies, I fancy, in this: that methods of estimating income are born in the brains of Government servants. Now a Government servant is the one person who really knows about his income. Not only can he tell you what he has earned this year, and will earn next year, but he can even tell you on what pension he will retire in 1958. That the thought of dealing with an income-tax form should be a heaviness at the heart of anybody, clouding his happiness for weeks; that the thought of dealing with the super-tax form, which merely repeats the fever and the fret of a year ago, should stir up unsuspected furies within him; this to a Government servant is just a matter for raised eyebrows. "What children," he says to himself, thinking of his inevitable £35 rise next year and the pension in 1958. True, he realizes that there are mysterious people called business men whose income is not so well controlled. But business men have things called "books." At any time during the day a business man may have to look up his "books" in order to see what the Crushed Steel Department was doing in 1903. "Ten thousand tons in 1903, Mr. Robinson, you notice. And what"—moistening the finger—"what was our output in 1922? Here we have it. 9,848 tons. This won't do, my dear fellow. This won't do at all. Get a hustle on."

So the business man is all right. No trouble for him (thinks the Civil Servant) to work out a three years' average, and estimate expenses and profits. He has "books." But that there should be such a person as an author, whose income is much more irregular and much more complicated than that of the business man, and who for his own purposes has as little need of "books" as a Civil Servant, is outside official reckoning.

ing. Either you have a regular income and no "books," or an irregular income and "books." How else can you know when to get a hustle on?

However, there are these curious people who write books but don't keep them. It may happen to one of them, whose income has never gone beyond £500, that by a sudden stroke of luck he sells the film rights of a book for £6,000. Four years afterwards he will still be paying super-tax on it, and six times in those four years he will be analysing his income for that particular year. Perhaps part of his income is a cheque for £500 from his agent. The money may represent a dozen different royalties from all over the world, some of which have already paid income-tax in Australia, some in Canada; probably the agent has sent details of each transaction, together with receipts for the tax deducted—a dozen separate enclosures. Four years hence the author is still looking in a desk stuffed with old manuscript, old proofs, old letters, old cheque books, old press cuttings, half-finished stories, and odd notes which mean God knows what—he is still searching for the details of that cheque.

This may reveal a disgusting inefficiency to the Civil Servant or the business man, but there it is. An author need not be a prig about his profession to feel that a book or play with which he is living in 1925, is of more interest than the money he received in 1921 for an almost forgotten book which he wrote in 1919. Yet in 1925 he is still fussing with his 1921 income, and being threatened with terrible penalties if he does not tell the exact truth about it. His complaint is that he, of all people, has no right to be fussing about it. For business and professional men, if it is a necessity that they should be able to make some comparison of profits from year to year. But in the case of any sort of artist, if I may use that much misused word, the less he contemplates his profits, the better, however much he may enjoy them. And even if he is prepared to sacrifice what he calls his art for what other people recognize as a Rolls-Royce, such contemplation is not really helpful. For though the unsuccessful authors one comfort is the certainty that all successful authors are prostituting their art, it is a difficult thing to prostitute deliberately—with an eye on one's income of four years ago.

And now I seem to be finishing, and still have made no serious contribution to this discussion of income-tax. As I began by saying, it was a sudden fury at the sixth inquisition into my 1921 income which started me off, and to suggest that six should be turned into three by making one return do both for income-tax and super-tax, is only to suggest the obvious. I would also suggest that three should then be turned into one by substituting last year's income for a three years' average, though others may have an objection to this which I do not find. And I think my final suggestion would be that authors and such vagrant men, people, that is, with no place of business other than the home, and no definite means of deciding between gross and net income should be allowed a fixed proportion (whether 10 per cent. is too much or too little I cannot say) for expenses. If every time an author has a manuscript typed, registers it to his publishers, buys seats at a theatre in order to see an act or whom he may want for his play, refills his fountain pen, or goes down to Cornwall in search of local colour; if all day and every day he is jotting down his expenses, and remembering them five years later, then he had better become a chartered accountant at once, and combine his two life-jobs in one. To a Government official, no doubt, the world, thus purged, would seem a much more reasonable place.

#### BOOKS TO READ

*Napoleon.* By Elie Faure. Constable.  
*Fritiof's Saga.* By E. Tegnér. Allen and Unwin. (August 23.)  
*The London Adventure.* By Arthur Machen. Secker.  
*The Campaign of 1812.* By Hilaire Belloc. Nelson.  
*In Praise of England.* By H. J. Massingham. Methuen. (August 30.)  
*Parish Church Architecture.* By E. Tyrrell Green. S.P.C.K. (August 30.)

#### MIND, BODY, AND ESTATE

BY IVOR BROWN

*Fata Morgana.* By Ernst Vadja. The Ambassador's Theatre.  
*The Claimant.* By M. F. Watts. The Queen's Theatre.

**A**S a play 'Fata Morgana' is abominably named, but well conceived. It has for sub-title 'Mirage,' which should have been its first title, even though a hundred short stories may have been thus labelled. There is no copyright in titles as there is no copyright in truth. And the play is true, harshly, impenitently true. Or is it merely that acting of the finest calibre lifts it to poetic levels where universal truth abides? It is enough to say that the total effect of the acted play is at once ugly and beautiful, terrifying and consoling; it is, in short, the effect of truth.

On the map it happens in Hungary; in the spirit it happens anywhere. Simplicity meets guile and guile wins, but simplicity in its defeat achieves such loveliness that the victory is pyrrhic; one does not leave the theatre railing. Darkness triumphs but the light shines through; what may pretty fairly be called the rape of a boy by a wanton may seem a subject of pitchy blackness; but because the play is set in terms of tragic not melodramatic or romantic values, it achieves poetic quality, though its phrase be prose. The leaden metal is transmuted by the delicacy of touch.

George is a farmer's boy, reading for the University of Budapest; perhaps his native blouse and top boots mistranslate him in our eyes, for he is the reverse of youth adventurous and Byronic. His cousins may be found in bed-sitting-rooms in Leeds and Manchester more soberly attired, but no more sober-suited in their moods and fancies. George has been "ploughed" and is in disgrace; the family may go abroad to festival dances but he must stay with his books. He has the lonely farm-house to himself and the pursuit of philosophy, until his cousin's wife arrives and, finding nothing but George, determines to pursue adventure. She is the restless wife of a successful lawyer and in her butterfly flight that extends from Budapest to Deauville, she finds the farm-lands a bore but George a potential flower. There is nothing to do—but George. All the rooms have been locked by a careful, and for the playwright providential, house-wife, save George's. George, therefore must provide this spiritual grandchild of Casanova's with hospitality and entertainment.

George has never loved. For him there are no wantons, only angels. For him there is no reality of seduction but only the mirage of devotion. Mrs. Fay, as the husband's wife is called, cannot rape his body without raping his mind. But her conquest is easy and within ten minutes she has persuaded her victim that heaven is in the hem of her garment and perfection lodged within her empty heart. Unfortunately for Mrs. Fay, persuasion does not pass with the speed of passion and the boy whom she wanted as the lover of a night threatens to become the lover of a life-time. He idolizes the wronged wife of a brutal husband, confronts the husband, and demands the divorce and freedom of his idol. This is not at all to the taste of Mrs. Fay; her husband's income is the passport to Deauville. She may want George for a night, but she does not want the Hungarian plains for all time. Therefore George, who has been raised by the power of his passion to this noble folly, must by his passion be usefully degraded. He is driven to withdraw the truth and to lie to the husband, confessing that his tale of love is the falsehood of a heat-frenzied student. Only too gladly the lawyer accepts the explanation; only too gladly does Mrs. Fay recover her husband and flit from George to the night-lights of Budapest. The boy is left with his books and his despair.

For he has loved with mind and spirit, not with body only. He has seen a goddess in a mistress and all Paradise in a wanton's eye. The curtain falls on boyhood with its Paradise turned to Gehenna and its ecstasy laid waste by the abomination of desolation. There is

tragedy here, if the acting can rise to it; for calf-love, so often made the target of the jester, can be in fact the poet's theme, as poignant in its tragic quality as the passion of the world's great lovers. And the acting does rise to it. Mr. Tom Douglas, a young American actor, assumes the naïveté of the boy with an innocence profound and moving; indeed so nearly does he approach to the intolerable helplessness of a wounded animal that he very nearly topples the play over by making it seem well-nigh incredible that any woman, even the vilest wanton, could have endured to turn the weapon in the wound. But Miss Jeanne de Casalis, a French actress who speaks English well enough to give lessons in our tongue to many English players, has the strength and subtlety to prevent this catastrophic reversal of values. The cold avarice of her desire is so naturally sustained that the retreat which finally degrades the boy and plunges him in utter disillusion, seems plausible enough. Yet Miss Casalis never works for our sympathy: she merely plays the temptress and traitress with a realism so sharp and frigid that to watch her is like watching a masterpiece of sculpture; Mr. Douglas paints his part in warm colours, while she carves hers in stone. The partnership is well-nigh perfect, striking out beauty like a flame. The general atmosphere is as well caught by the producer, Mr. Reginald Denham, as can be expected of the English stage. But what would not a Stanislavsky or one of the Jewish art theatres have made of the ensemble! Mr. Ion Swinley is wrongly cast as the heavy husband; he was not born to fuss and fume. Young passion is his mood. An admirable Troilus turned moderate Menelaus might sum his contribution to this unusual and, at moments, exquisite piece.

In 'The Claimant' there is much of estate, little of body, and nothing at all of mind. Take two well-known stories of family litigation about inheritance and serve with grease-paint *ad lib.*—that seems to have been the recipe followed by Mrs. Watts. The interest is of the "mystery" order. Is his the alleged Roger Tunstall, who comes back from Africa to claim the Tunstall estate, (a) Roger Tunstall, (b) the right Roger Tunstall, (c) a Tunstall of any kind? By the time the evening was over I had long ceased to care, so many silly involutions had the authoress forced upon the plot. All I did care about was that a cast of tremendous dramatic power was paddling in a sea of very shallow water.

The production of 'The Claimant' suggests the necessity of founding among play-goers an Anti-Waste Society. Here is Miss Ada King making a fugitive appearance as an elderly and disgruntled Tunstall; she is seen in only one act and for much of it she is in the corner of the stage. Yet the majesty of her ill-temper was all the time persuading me that there was nobody else of consequence on the stage and that anybody who prated in the centre was a gross abuser of my right to be entertained by a consummate actress. Again in the second act Miss Lottie Venne intervenes in a kind of music-hall turn as a preposterous Duchess fancy-dressed as Britannia. It was humiliating to see this fine veteran confronted with such flat buffoonery. Mr. Leon Quartermaine, an actor of most rare quality and nimble spirit, had to fire revolvers and behave like a moonstruck movie-man as the claimant, while Miss Fay Compton had merely to gyre and gimble in his wabe. Other wasted performers were Mr. Clifford Mollison and Miss Margaret Carter. Miss Gilda Varesi had something lively to do and overdid it. The case for my Anti-Waste Society is overwhelming. If Mr. Basil Dean, who with Sir Alfred Butt, is responsible for this production, is going to corner all the best players, he is in duty bound to corner all the best plays. That he cannot find any is no excuse; he plainly overlooks the fact that Mr. Ernest Benn is publishing a new play about every fortnight, a few American and many English. Ninety per cent. of these are better than 'The Claimant.' Thirty per cent. are on the level of 'Fata Morgana.'

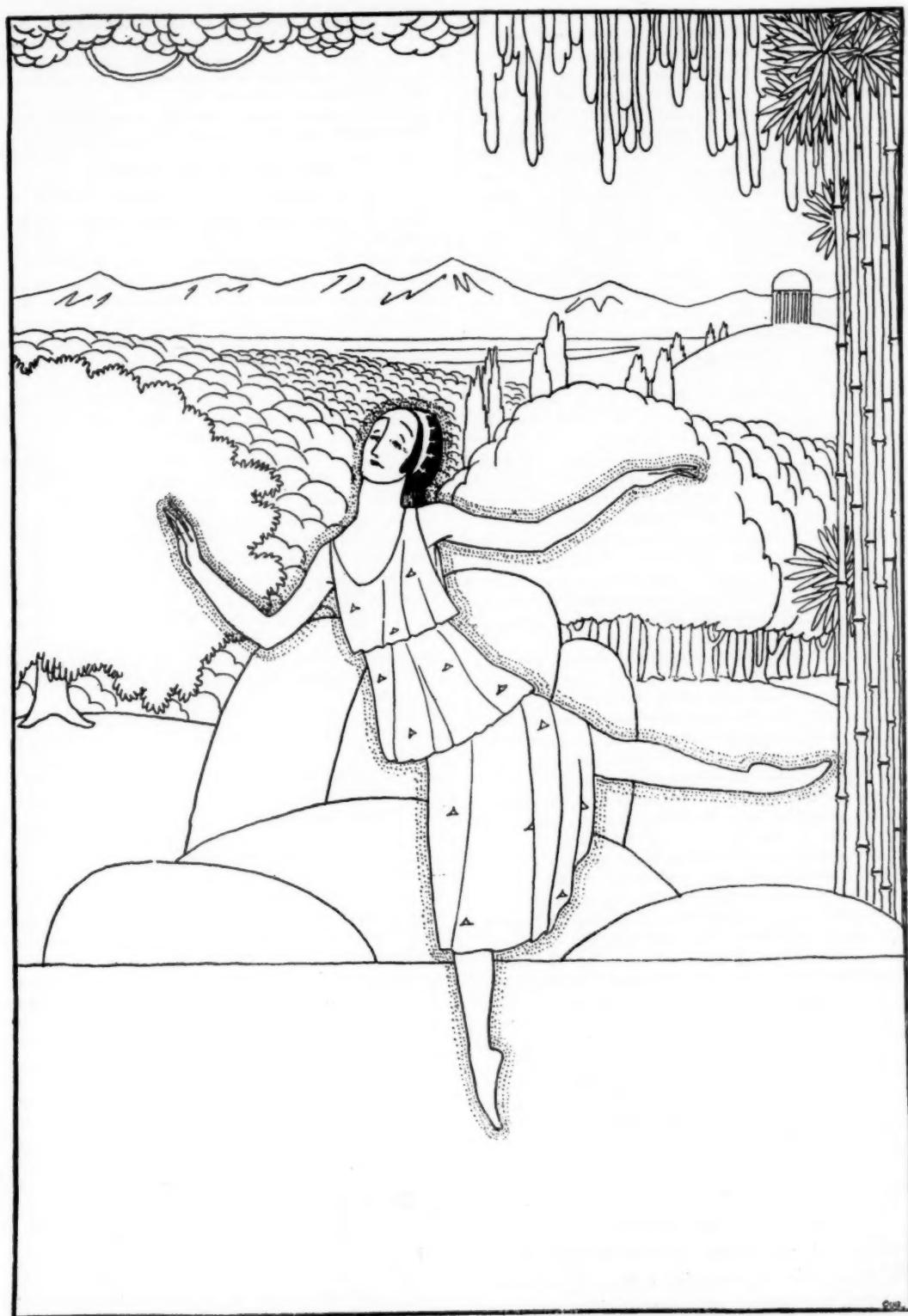
## ANNA PAVLOVA

BY DYNELEY HUSSEY

**A** GREAT reputation may be a dangerous thing. Who has not gone to see for the first time some bearer of a famous name and found disillusionment? It may be simply that one has created an ideal for the performer which is not his ideal, and that his merits may then be obscured by a foolish prejudice. It may be that mere expectation overleaping itself leaves appreciation no higher mark to touch. Or it may be that the years have begun to shrivel the petals of the flower and marred its beauty for the newcomer, while the habitual admirers hallucinate themselves by the revival of old memories and, attending as at a holy rite, unconsciously reconstruct in the withered features, the quavering voice, the uncertain foot, the radiance, the full tones and the firm tread of youth. Then they will slap him who is in his novitiate and disappointed, on the back and say, "Ah! me boy, you should have seen her ten—twenty—thirty (according to their grey hairs and their lack of shame) years ago!" I have myself joined in these laudations of the past, when, pitying those who have seen only Chaliapin the buffoon, I have told them of Chaliapin the great artist, who died, so far as England is concerned, in Drury Lane on or about the 26th of July, 1914. So it is that I have fought shy of setting stars.

So it was that, until an urgent editor demanded my attendance at Covent Garden last Monday night, I was allowing Anna Pavlova to pass by me unknown, like Bernhardt and the Duse. And with one flicker of her toe-point she sent me flying into the middle of the next week of admiration. The slim figure seemed to pass across the field of vision as if by some miraculous process of levitation. Her toes strained downward in a gracious attempt to touch the earth that is too gross for their feathery tread. Sometimes she will remain in poised balance on a point in long and passionate endeavour to reach the ground; at others, one leg still floating graceful in its proper element, she will drift across seeking a place of rest, like the plumed seed of a dandelion before a breeze. Sometimes the playful zephyr will send her twirling bodily in the air. Unhappily, Zephyr himself moved me to immoderate and helpless laughter. For the great clumping fellow, who represented that gentle wind, had thighs like the strong man at a fair, an absurd curly wig, an unlikely, not to say exaggerated, complexion, and a continual grin of imbecility on his over-rouged mouth. He could not have been funnier had he been Mr. Bert Errol himself impersonating the dancing-partner of a *prima ballerina*. What had this muscular party with the inane smile in a ridiculous green muslin shift to do with that aëry-faëry embodiment of grace and beauty? Embodiment?—no, there is no body to her; she is just some essence of the air gathered together in sufficient concentration to become visible for a moment to the eyes of happy mortals, like those spirits in 'La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédaque'—but, oh! of a purity.

Her art is, indeed, elusive as the air. Attempt to clasp it and your arms close upon nothing. You can, if you are cruel, pin it down, like a moth, upon a setting-board, spread the wings in position and mount it in a case. But you will not have the real Pavlova, who is a creature, like the moth, of swift and fluttering motion and becomes in immobility merely a specimen of dead matter. To anatomize her art is as useless. You may talk of *entrechats* and *fouettés* and *pointes* and *pirouettes* without getting an inch further towards explaining its fascination. It is not a question of personality triumphing over other disabilities; for, within the limits she has set herself, she has every possible accomplishment. She is—so far as the scope of the old classical ballet allows—an excellent mime, so excellent that it was hard to recognize in the coquettish Polichinelle of 'Serenade' the exquisite heroine of 'Flora's Awakening.' All that can be said is that



Dramatis Personæ, No. 117

By 'Quiz.'

ANNA PAVLOVA

she endows her technical perfection with an ineffable beauty of movement which is entirely personal to her.

Yet Nature having gone so far, and Art—or shall we say technical training?—having set Nature upon tiptoe, both ceased from their labours and stood in gaping admiration of their handiwork, so lovely was it to the sight, and did not perceive its incompleteness. Or perhaps they feared to create perfection; for perfection would abolish the need for endeavour and lead to the end of all things. Pavlova is and always will be the soloist, the *virtuoso*. Her own movements, restricted though they are to the old conventions, will never cease to be beautiful, so long as she can set one foot before the other or raise an arm above her head. Melba's voice may go, but she will never produce an ugly sound; and so Pavlova will never make an ugly gesture. On the other hand, I doubt if she will ever produce a beautiful ballet. Anything will suffice for herself; she has only to appear on the stage and let her supple body sway like the bending of a willow-branch. The rest of her company must foot it to the same old tune. Not that I despise Delibes or even Drigo. They could both write elegant melodies which, with their delicate movements, their fluttering rhythms, their sudden pauses upon a climax, are the best possible accompaniment for this kind of dancing. But if we are going to have Delibes, do let us have him neat and not decked out with half-hearted Diaghilevism; and do let us have him delicately played, not thumped out as if he were a composer of jazz music. What could be more acceptable, in these days, than 'Coppelia' in the dresses of 1870? The conductor might be long-whiskered and the orchestra muffled to get that faded tint into the tunes. All Bloomsbury would be there, and Chelsea, too. We should catch, perhaps, a glimpse of what inspired Degas.

Once, evidently, Pavlova's soul did aspire, and in some past year she got a gentleman, whose name appears in the programme as "Rottenstein," to decorate Drigo's 'Flora's Awakening' for her. When the curtain rose, I saw that the scenery and most of the costumes were signed all over "Albert Rutherford," but with a difference. Some had been lost or worn out and were replaced by others that had obviously not been designed by Mr. Rutherford—I suspect that pea-green shift of Zephyr's; some had been to the wash—I suspect my own laundry; some had been made for actors of a different size. Pavlova herself alone was in the spirit of the original as I imagine it to have been, and contrived to look like one of the designer's exquisite drawings, down to the pointed features, the large eyes and the precise outlines of the form. The remainder pranced, capably enough, through the childish choreography which was quite out of key with the stylized Grecianism of their costumes. When one remembers Fokine's 'Daphnis and Chloë'—but I will not indulge in these ludicrous comparisons. Let it suffice that Pavlova is a great dancer, though not to all minds a supreme artist. She is to Karsavina what Melba was to Destinn, what Heifetz and Kreisler at the Albert Hall are to Kreisler at his best. By some they are preferred.

#### DELAY IN DELIVERY

Subscribers to the SATURDAY REVIEW who experience any difficulty or delay in obtaining copies of the paper are requested to communicate immediately with the Publisher, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2, giving full particulars.

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#### Letters to the Editor

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

#### CONSERVATIVE POLICY

##### To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I have read many good letters under this heading in your REVIEW lately, but not one that I have read seems to touch upon what I have found to be the soul-need of labour. Whitley Councils and Insurance (contributing) against all contingencies would acceptably provide labour with all its material needs, but would not put it on the way to its real and essential objective, and the cause of all its unrest. Labour regards itself, and thinks it is regarded as (that is the point), the dog of the world. But it has now come to the point of thinking of itself as the equal of any other body or profession of workers, as men of equal utility in carrying on the world, who ought to be equally well thought of and respected. Its real, inarticulate objective, arising solely out of self-respect, is the claiming and getting of equal social status with any other body of workers, of anybody else—we will say the professions. Put this idea gradually before any working-man and he will respond to it, without any shade of snobbishness, but with the note in his demeanour as of having found himself. The idea was there at the back of his mind, but it had been overlaid with its own impossibility of achievement to be effectively awake—and it had turned to embitterment. But here was a new vision.

What Conservatives must do is to shed their apologetics for capital, which is already willing to do anything for the working-man but extinguish itself, and devote themselves to intimate personal propaganda, on the line of social standing, among working-men. Take it also, passingly, as our street-corner texts, and show them how they can and will achieve their desired social status, which I, for one, regard as their inevitable destiny. It will be a very healthy and attractive antidote, and far more true to his best self than socialism—this pulling up of everyone, rather than the pulling down of everyone, to the same level, which seems to be the idea of Socialism. Show how the professions have got their standing by being "out," as professions, to serve their fellow-men; point out that no amount of "good money," alone, or good conditions of work, will procure it, and that they must take the same line (of service) if they wish to procure it. Point out that the legal, medical, and teaching professions, for example, from occupying a far lower status than labour does now, have attained their present standing in the world's eye through years of patiently pursuing the ideal as professions, of the service of the world, as each in its own special way was expressing the genius of Him who, as advocate, healer, teacher, said, "I am among you as he that serveth." Point out how strikes, which are not supported by sound public opinion, and especially those which cut the throat of the public, alienate that public, whose good opinion is the very influence upon which stands the social status it gives to its real servers. And that, once the line of service is taken by Labour, adequate monetary reward will inevitably begin to follow the social status which will be granted upon it, for, generally speaking, monetary reward follows established social standing. A world served by labour "out" for service would be wealthy enough to grant very adequate remuneration.

All this, of course, if it came about, would mean a silent revolution in the ways of trade unions. They would have to evolve rules very different from their

present ones, rules, indeed, equivalent to the etiquette of a profession, the intention of which is to guard its power of service. But is such propaganda not worth while, considering that it is the plain and simple truth, and that we have evolved nothing else, so far as I can see, on the Conservative side, which touches the imagination of the working-man, as Russia—the torch of the new democracy, in his imagination—does on the other side? And even if the hold of his union is tight on him, and the power of his leaders to herd him along the line of their Communist masters is still too strong, the vision that he will achieve will exercise, if we take time and have patience—because it will present a "way out" to achieve what his class wants more in tune with his nature—such an undermining effect on his allegiance to the policy of his trade union and of violent revolution, to which he sees that he is being led (though he abhors it), that it will at least weaken his leaders' hold on him and make all the difference to his participation in senseless strikes and in the furtherance of the said revolution.

This idea—his desire for an equal social standing with any other body of workers on earth—is based on, and is the outcome solely of his self-respect. Yet that fact has been turned and fanned into a class-prejudice, which, in turn, the Communists are cleverly exploiting into a class war. One poor fellow told me that a saying was passed round his works: "Don't vote for the same man as the boss." Yet at heart working-men are really thoroughly Conservative and really charitable, and if the Communist propagandists were met by men of standing and worth, who put forth such an idea as I suggest, in season and out of season, I feel sure that their position would be materially shaken. As it is, they simply hold the field in the absence of a noble line of thought on the other side.

A working collier said to me only three weeks ago: "Our fellows do not trust these men that come round and speak to us and we don't take it, but if Lord \_\_\_\_\_ [an owner] spoke to us we could believe him, because we trust him." If Conservatives could only appreciate that the working-man is almost wholly with them, especially if he be only shown a "way out" by an uplifting thought which touches his imagination, Conservative talkers and public speakers would feel far more encouraged in their task.

I am, etc.,

J. P. PARRY

Bilsdale Priory, Stokesley, Yorkshire

#### LIQUOR CONTROL

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—To the ordinary temperate person, well cooked food and un intoxicating liquors, to quote Mr. Adkins, "are only attractive in so far as they meet a natural demand," but this is true of alcohol as well. The Glutton and the Drunkard are both alike intemperate in their use of good food and good alcohol, and if Mr. Adkins is logical he will advocate, on these grounds, the restricted sale of food as well as liquor. The majority of us are moderate in our drinking and eating, but Legislation did not make us so, any more than it would make an intemperate person temperate. Freedom to exercise our individual will-power is the potent factor to make a sober England, and it is of this Freedom that Mr. Adkins and his party are out to rob us.

I am, etc.,

H. W. THOMAS

Westgate, Sudbury, Middlesex

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The admission by Mr. Frank Adkins that what he calls dangerously attractive characteristics of alcoholic liquors are only operative in the case of a minority of their users rather bears out the argument against rigid control or prohibition.

This is particularly so when one realizes that the

majority of this minority is of that nature that would turn into other channels of excess under altered circumstances, leaving the general public the only sufferers.

It is to be disputed that alcoholic beverages create an immediate craving in the ordinary average person; this also applies in a similar manner to other drinks and edibles, but all the same there are those that appear to obtain a craving for these, as the more they take the more they seem to want.

As a matter of fact excess in this latter sphere is more likely to result in greater or more lasting harm to the constitution than excess in "drink," though the one is to be as much deprecated as the other. The inference, however, is the same, in that if alcoholic liquor is to be controlled for such reasons then similarly other drinks and foods, particularly of certain varieties, should also be controlled.

There are some people who consider all alcoholic liquor poisonous and hold up their hands in horror at any one consuming a glass of beer yet who make continual boasts of themselves by over-eating without the slightest compunction and pride themselves upon what they call their temperate habits—surely a *reductio ad absurdum*.

I am, etc.,

JOHN A. PACE

Temple, E.C.4

#### To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The success or otherwise of the Carlisle scheme will not be determined by comparisons of drunkenness convictions. It is strange that Mr. Leavis should base his attacks upon so useless a test long ago exploded by the Home Office experts.

Mr. Leavis's criticism is effectively countered by the Chairman of Messrs. Mitchells and Butlers, Ltd., the principal brewery firm of the Midlands, Mr. Waters Butler, who has for a considerable number of years favoured State management of the liquor trade as the best solution of the problem. Speaking at the annual meeting of the shareholders of the company a few weeks since, he advocated a State ownership scheme "to be under the direction of a Central Authority, such as applies to Carlisle to-day, aided by a thoroughly representative Local Committee with some measure of executive power, so as to bring about what Lord Haldane refers to as 'popular management'—a management in the interests of the people themselves."

Mr. Waters Butler evidently is not in accord with Mr. Leavis in this persistent condemnation of the Carlisle scheme and, not for the first time, has shown that he regards the Carlisle scheme as a sound one both financially and as an instrument of social reform.

I am, etc.,

D. C. DERING

Cricklewood, N.W.

#### THE STAGE DISPUTE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—This controversy, or rather this epidemic of dissension that is now raging in stage-land, more especially in the provincial portions of it, between the Actors' Association and the Stage Guild—what does it mean? What is it all about?

Little seems to be known among actors and actresses who are now playing in London. They can only tell you that the Actors' Association have developed trade union principles to such an extent, that many of its chief supporters resigned therefrom and banded themselves into the Stage Guild.

The two chief bones of contention seem to be the boycotting of the members of the Stage Guild, which is now taking place in certain provincial towns, and the right of managers to engage beginners, who have had no stage experience whatever and have everything to learn, at a lower wage than the fixed minimum rate of £3 per week, as laid down by the Actors' Associa-

tion. This really seems just, in view of the fact that in no other trade, business, or profession, can anybody start on such a salary without having any previous knowledge whatever of the business.

The question has also been raised concerning the engagement by certain managers of amateurs recruited from the aristocracy. But why not, provided they show any signs of dramatic art, or latent ability?

Personally, I think that if a theatrical manager finds he can get more money into the till of his box-office by recruiting his company from the scions of belted earls and impoverished dukes, rather than from the increasing families of traders from Tooting Bec, Golder's Green, or Brixton, he is quite at liberty to do so.

One man or woman is as good as another, and better indeed if he will only work hard and learn his business. But alas, how few of them do! And this obtains in all classes of theatrical society. Why will they not learn, at any rate the rudiments of their profession? How few of them ever reach the point of even speaking their own language correctly, and this, so that the words they have to say "get over"? Go to any theatre and listen, for example, how the small-part people deliver their "lines." For the most part their enunciation is "parrot-like" and rarely audible to the audience beyond the first few rows of stalls.

This, perhaps, is one of the chief factors in the theatrical trade-union feud: and looking at it from a purely professional standpoint, the outlook is of course lamentable. But I cannot help thinking that the real reason is not far to seek, for in essence it is this—that there are too many spiders and not enough flies to go round. It is the old story of supply and demand. In other words, the theatrical profession is so overcrowded that for each "shop" that becomes vacant, there are hundreds of applications. I speak, of course, only of the rank and file of the profession, and of these there must be thousands who are "resting," with not much chance of getting anything perhaps until preparations are started for the Christmas pantomimes. It is not a very bright outlook.

I am, etc.,  
London, W.C. A THEATRICAL MANAGER

#### THE RIFF—ANOTHER PROTEST

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—It is gratifying to see the letter, in your current issue, from Mr. Norman Dane, on the question of The Riff. A year ago in your columns I seemed to be alone "crying in the wilderness," against this outrage which is being perpetrated by Spain upon a Moslem people who after all are only defending their own country. Now, however, in various quarters here, protests are being raised, but officially nothing is being done.

As I have previously pointed out in the SATURDAY REVIEW, the League of Nations is taking no notice whatever of this outstanding example of a conflict which should seemingly come well within its purview; instead it fritters away its time—apart from the German issue—on all sorts of other matters.

Furthermore, it may interest your Catholic readers to learn that, although myself a Catholic, I cannot get my protests against this attempted conquest of the Riffian Moors by Spain published in our Catholic Press—it is evidently frightened of the Catholic Hierarchy, for you see, Sir, Spain is a Catholic Power.

Meanwhile a great Catholic Peace Congress has recently been held on the Continent, which included representatives—many of them ecclesiastics—from most of the European nations, including Great Britain. I am at present on holiday, but, as far I am aware, this concrete case of Spain's military activities in Morocco was not even mentioned. In other words, this "Catholic Peace Congress" was something very like an orgy of hypocrisy.

I am, etc.,  
"TOURNEBROCHE"

## Reviews

### THE GROWTH OF A SCIENCE

*Psychology and the Sciences.* Essays by various hands, edited by William Brown. Black. 7s. 6d. net.

NEW families moving into an old neighbourhood need an introduction. And modern psychology at Oxford has met with a dubious reception from the old aristocracy, the logicians, theologians, metaphysicians, and even such modern-minded gentry as the biologists. In the present volume we have representatives of the old and established vouching for the new. But the very title of the book betrays an uneasy sense of difference, implying that psychology may be one thing and science another, as though the friends of Mr. Jones produced a work on 'Jones and the Nobility.' However, these essays will help to convince its neighbours that psychology is worth knowing, whether or not it be in the direct line from Aristotle.

Dr. Marett, with amusing asides, emphasizes the importance of psychology for anthropology, while Dr. Schiller on 'Psychology and Logic,' tosses logic aloft upon the horns of a dilemma where it must choose between an alliance with psychology or grammar, which is like proving to a patrician that he must take for his bride either the wealthy daughter of the new house, or the poor child of the village school-master. Dialectics are not always inevitable, but if anyone is really doubtful or indifferent, let him begin with Dr. Keatinge's paper on 'Psychology and Education.' Without the contributions of psychology, we might still assume with Comenius in his 'Great Didactic' that the mind is merely passive and receptive, that one teacher can instruct an unlimited number of boys, and that they only need to "place their attention like a wide-mouthed phial beneath the words of wisdom that flow from his lips." But we are now aware that attention cannot be turned on and off at will; it is dependent upon a system of wants and these upon instincts. The teacher's problem is how to create attention; banging on the desk may draw all eyes to the rod, but not all minds to the subject taught. But learn to harness the instincts of loyalty, curiosity, emulation, the collecting instinct, and others, and we can dispense with the rod, becoming at once more merciful and more efficient. If this is worth knowing, it is thanks to psychology.

The most important essay in this collection is Dr. Haldane's paper on 'Psychology and Biology.' He warns his fellow scientists that, "the physical world is a useful abstraction, but it can never be the basis of psychology, because its own basis is psychological." The real world is a psychological world of interests and their resulting values; the scientist who bases his conception of reality upon a mechanical world of mass, duration, extension and movement, is committing the error of holding that, although the world is perceived, the fact that it is perceived has no bearing on its nature. What he studies and believes in as "things-in-themselves" are only abstractions from a far richer psychological world of interests and values; are, indeed, abstractions which he has made simply because he finds them of peculiar interest and value. Dr. Haldane stresses the importance of organic regulation and its bearing upon Locke's secondary qualities, but otherwise leaves us in doubt as to its significance for psychology. Although we are unconscious of organic regulation, he denies that it can be referred to an unconscious mind. However, as a biologist he pays this handsome tribute to psychology: "the relation of psychology to biology is the relation of a less abstract or partial form of knowledge to a more abstract form." But handsome as his testimony is, it proves unsatisfactory to Dr. Brown when nervous disorders are attributed to a physiological rather than psychical origin. The two papers, although separated by more

than a hundred pages, should be read consecutively, but the point at issue is more important for Dr. Brown's thesis than for Dr. Haldane's.

One feels the need of a distinction between psychology and the developments of psycho-analysis. The general trend of the papers is friendly to the one, but hesitating or unfriendly to the other. Dr. Haldane is severe on what he calls a "confused pseudo-psychology of the unconscious." Mr. Rawlinson in 'Psychology and Theology,' recognizes the value of psychology in interpreting prophecy and mystical states, but he deprecates a psycho-analytical interpretation of the human and divine in Christ, and, on behalf of prayer, quotes Dr. Brown as arguing that it would be truer to say that auto-suggestion is prayer than that prayer is merely auto-suggestion. When Freudians explain away the idea of God as a "projection" of man's feeling of dependence, Mr. Rawlinson reminds them that specialists have a weakness for explaining everything in terms of their own province, a weakness known as mono-idealism, "and it is a disease from which psychologists are not exempt." Dr. Jacks on 'Psychology and Ethics,' issues a warning and a challenge. If, as some of the moderns would have it, consciousness is based upon the unconscious, then what becomes of the reasoning of the psychologist? He cannot explain a special exemption for the processes of his own thought. And so, in reading Freud, Dr. Jacks shrewdly inquires, "May not this book, which reveals the distortions produced by the suppressed complex, be suffering, itself, from the same cause?"

On the whole, these members of the University will vouch for psychology, providing it is not built upon the unconscious. And rightly so, for the reality of thought is a necessity of thought.

W. FORCE STEAD

#### NORTH, EAST AND WEST.

*With Stefansson in the Arctic.* By Harold Noice. Harrap. 7s. 6d. net.  
*The Eastern Road.* By L. H. Dudley Buxton. Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d. net.  
*Wanderings in the Pacific.* By C. N. de Courcy-Parry. Long. 5s. net.

WE owe gratitude to Mr. Noice for a readable and high-spirited account of his apprenticeship to the art of Arctic exploration. He was barely out of his 'teens when he had the luck to be taken on by Mr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson as a member of the expedition described in 'The Friendly Arctic,' in which book several compliments are paid to his enthusiasm, sportsmanship and imagination. These qualities are all apparent in Mr. Noice's own account of the same journey. Most engaging of all is his boyish admiration for Mr. Stefansson, whom he clearly regards as the greatest man on earth—or at any rate who ever went north of the Arctic Circle—an estimate which is not far wrong. Mr. Stefansson and his few but ardent followers have revolutionized Arctic travel by revealing the possibilities of "living off the country," which have enabled them to go without serious sufferings through journeys on which so many earlier explorers, relying solely on what they carried with them, would have either had to turn back or to perish. Mr. Noice quotes a remark of his leader to the effect that all successful feats of exploration are due to "the calm processes of reason." Any other man might have made the same study of Polar conditions "and formulated the same rules of travel which made our trips safe and fairly comfortable. But the answer to that, of course, is that no other man did." Mr. Noice draws an alluring picture of the charm which underlies all Arctic exploration—the charm of the incessant fight with the forces of Nature. "It is a fight that calls for much the same mental qualities *plus* physical

energy as a combat with human will and treachery; but it does not disgust. We may lose, but we cannot also be robbed." We heartily commend Mr. Noice's book to all who care for the literature of scientific adventure.

Mr. Dudley Buxton tells us, with justifiable pride, that his report on his experiences as a holder of the Albert Kahn Travelling Fellowship, is the first which the trustees have made arrangements to publish. They have been well advised, for it forms a most interesting as well as informative volume. The holder of this well-considered endowment is expected to spend a year or so in travelling round the world and studying the conditions of life in various countries, as far as possible without "the prejudices inherent in any training." Mr. Buxton had the double advantage of an Oxford education and a mind widened by service in the late war, and he looks frankly and openly at the world. His account of Japan and China, to which this volume is mainly confined, is both fresh in outlook and solid in material. He has the rare art of describing what he sees in direct and comprehensible language. One of the first of the numerous verbal vignettes which stand out in his pages—the description of the tobacco shop kept by a little Japanese girl in Kyoto—forcibly reminds us of the similar shop so charmingly described by William Morris in 'News from Nowhere.' The description of the old woman making pottery by the ancient methods which immediately follows is a very good example of the way in which such curious survivals ought to be recorded for the use of anthropologists; nothing is omitted, nothing is otiose. The account of the fascinating but disappearing Ainu and their curious susceptibility to hypnotism is excellent. Best of all, perhaps, is Mr. Buxton's enthusiastic description of the joys of riding with the Mongol nomads, from whom he evidently found it hard to tear himself away, and whose habits to-day explain the vast empire of Kubla Khan. Nor have we ever seen a better account of Chinese psychology than that which Mr. Buxton sets forth in a few short paragraphs. All who wish to understand that inscrutable race will be well advised to read it. This volume alone shows that Mr. Buxton has given good value for his Fellowship; we hope to read a further instalment dealing with the other countries which he visited—especially with the United States, on whose social conditions he might throw some valuable light.

Mr. de Courcy-Parry's impressions of the South Sea islands are rather more superficial than we were led to expect by the preliminary statement of his preference for travelling before the mast or in the stokehold. The best thing among them is the account of a trip up country from Noumea, the French Botany Bay.

W. E. GARRETT-FISHER

#### THE LAST DAYS OF SOCRATES

*Plato's Euthyphro, Apology of Socrates, and Crito.* Edited with notes by John Burnet. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 8s. 6d. net.

PROF. BURNET is our leading authority on Plato, and his views on that master's account of the last days of Socrates are very welcome. He edited the 'Phaedo' in 1911, and here adds the other dialogues which tell us what Socrates, condemned to die, thought of holiness, conscience and immortality, and how he defended himself against his accusers. The Professor is doing a useful work in "replacing Socrates in the historical setting to which he really belongs." We are now again allowed to regard the 'Apology' as something like what Socrates pleaded, Schanz by his wild assumptions on the other side having aided a return to good sense. All that is urged here is admirable. If Socrates had learnt anything, it was surely the power of impromptu speaking. Plato was present at the trial, and would be an odd sort of disciple, if he

misrepresented his master, especially as others were living to refute him.

The proficiency of Socrates in science and his ideas of a future life are disputed themes of great interest raised by these dialogues. The Professor corrects the rendering of Church and makes ideas of immortality "common belief" instead of "things said." The views of Socrates were not, so far as we know, common. "Church" means, as might have been explained, the translation of the dialogues here edited by F. J. Church, in the 'Golden Treasury' series, which is very readable, but not always exact. The notes are full of fine points in Platonic Greek. We should have been inclined to add a word or two on the later influence of the dialogues, the use, for instance, of some of their noblest words by Epictetus. But the teacher, it is to be hoped, can do this, and will not lose in dissertations on grammar his sense of style. Plato was not a newspaper reporter, but he gave the world a truer, nobler, better account of the end of Socrates than Xenophon, or Schanz, or anybody else.

VERNON RENDALL

#### PROBLEMS OF THE INDIAN MIND

*Mudras. The Ritual Hand-poses of the Buddha Priests and Shiva Priests.* By Tyra de Kleen. Kegan Paul. 15s. net.

*Yoga as Philosophy and Religion.* By Surendranath Dasgupta. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.

PERIODICALLY some earnest student who has just begun "enlightenment" at the hands of the mystics of the East will work himself into a frenzy and scatter much ink in telling us how little we understand our dark-skinned brothers who are so much wiser than we are. He will refer vaguely to the vast stores of occult knowledge hidden away in the country of mystery. He will tease us with queer word-pictures of what his inner consciousness has seen and felt under the direction of Swami This and Yogi So-and-so. He will insist on our sharing his bliss, and meander on unintelligibly, making a chaos of Sanskrit, Pali, Bengali and Gujarati words until he leaves us gasping, "If this be India . . ."

There is a thrill when first we make contact with Indian systems of thought and religious practices. The propagandist element in us is then, perhaps, strongest. We would fain proselytize most earnestly when our own knowledge is in the first blush. One is too often forgetful of the main principles of Indian thought: rest and meditation. The Indian believes more in the power of example than we do; precept he leaves to the lesser priests.

In 'Mudras' the author has unveiled for us one of the great mysteries linking the two mighty faiths, Hinduism and Buddhism. Sir Charles Eliot's recent work on this subject explained many important points of contact between these two systems which dominate so great a part of India. But letterpress alone does not give the visual satisfaction afforded by Tyra de Kleen's sixty full-page plates of hand-poses—part of the mystic stock-in-trade of the priests. Mighty Shiva (the Destroyer) of the Hindu Panthéon, and calm Buddha, eternally meditating, taught these gestures to their followers centuries ago. A thorough knowledge of the combinations of fingers curved and fingers straight would be of immense value to a student wishing to get at the very heart of the ceremonial of these two beliefs. To the student of the Indian drama also such knowledge would be invaluable, for in India as in Japan the classical stage was but an ante-room of the Temple.

The publication of 'Mudras' makes one hope that ere long some qualified scholar will undertake a similar work in connexion with the classical "Nō" drama of Japan. It is declared that fifteen or twenty years of a Nō actor's training are given to the perfecting of his

hand and foot-poses. Is he portraying deep sorrow on account of another's pain?—he holds the fan with the fingers spread this way. Is he in awful agony?—the fan falls and his fingers are arranged as though locked in a demon's hair. Each toe has its part to play too, a part carefully fitted to accord with the action of its corresponding finger. It has been suggested that these details of deportment (many of which are very obscure to the untrained mind) were imposed on the old Japanese drama after contact with Indian civilization, through China. Some scholars, however, insist that such minute developments, from their very nature, bear the imprint of indigenous taste. Our knowledge of the religious poses of both countries, however, is still so incomplete that the decisive word on this question cannot yet be spoken. The letterpress accompanying the plates in 'Mudras' is for the most part sufficiently clear and informative, but the book is one with a limited appeal.

'Yoga, as Philosophy and Religion,' by Mr. Dasgupta, is welcome as a sound book on an important system of thought. So much rubbish has been written on Yoga (especially by Theosophist poseurs) that the thoughtful man with an interest beyond the Greek, Roman, and Modern European philosophies will gladly find room for this book as counter-irritant. Many Indian exponents of their own systems of philosophy fail lamentably in presenting in readable form the main essentials, and fill up their books with lengthy lists of alternative names for abstract ideas. The present volume is a noteworthy exception and a useful appendix fitly concludes an excellent treatise.

Yoga is one of the chief of the seven philosophic systems developed in ancient India. It is less abstract than, for example, the Vaisheshika school, and has its every day applications. This perhaps explains its widespread acceptance by all classes, though many who practise it know only its ethical side. A system of metaphysics has been built up around its basic principles (this forms Book One of Mr. Dasgupta's work), but I venture to think that Book Two ('Yoga Ethics and Practice') will prove more attractive to the English reader. Perhaps the great lure and mystery of Yoga will be found to be the 'Theory of Karma' (Book 2, Sect. ix). The speculations of the human mind concerning the whence and whither of being surely never found so intriguing a solution as the Doctrine of Transmigration? When the Western mind properly appreciates the many and diverse aspects of Indian thought a common ground of communication will be found between East and West. There may then be hope for the assimilation of some other systems of philosophy into our own too inbred civilization.

NEVILLE WHYMANT

#### IN A TWISTED LAND

*The River of a Hundred Ways.* By Joyce M. Nankivell and Sydney Loch. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

KINDLINESS and humour have prevented the authors of this amazing record from exploiting the terror they have seen on the banks of the river of a hundred ways. When the war was over, and famine and disease and home-sickness drove all that remained of the eight million refugees who had trailed out of Lithuania, Volynia, White Russia and the Polish Eastern Border into the comparative safety of inland Russia back again to their homes, it was indeed a twisted unkindly land they found there. War had done its worst. Fields were iron wastes; the bodies of the dead blocked the river; houses were dust and indistinguishable rubbish; the only shelters were shell-pits and dug-outs. Yet it was home; and now, after five hard years, it bears again something of the kindlier look it bore before the hordes of Russia and Germany trod the features from its face. That it is so is mainly due to the sacrificing efforts of the Eng-

lish and American Friends who sent relief parties there to stamp out disease and to help the natives to work the land till it should bear again. It was such work that sent Mr. and Mrs. Loch to Poland; and 'The River of a Hundred Ways' is the inevitable, and worthy, consequence.

The grim detail of the story they have to tell reads not the less significantly for the number of sprightlier anecdotes that thread it through. Poland then was a land of widows. One with her children lived inside a galvanized-iron cistern, "as a dog and its puppies in a kennel." Two more lived in the depths of a concrete dug-out, foul as a tomb: "Ulita Szudrowska was dying of consumption, and lay all day long on rags, coughing into a cup: Ewlinja Radczuk was hardy and would live to see better days: but when somebody from the Mission arrived, she would fall upon another heap of rags and begin to cough as if her chest were torn in two." And then there was the little widow who had walked for a year, stealing rides on trains and carts where possible, and learning every conceivable trick of the trade by the way. Indeed, it is the hundred and one instances of the sly cunning of the peasantry that throw so welcome a shaft of light across this dark story; their case was hard enough, but if it seemed a profitable course to pursue, they were not above feigning it to be even harder; and kindness and sentiment did not blind Mr. and Mrs. Loch to the simple ingenuities of those with whom they had to deal. A furmanka drew up at the Mission one day and a handsome peasant woman presented herself at the door. "The Mission has killed my husband," she announced; and as proof had she not brought the body in the cart and covered it with hay? The horse controller, she affirmed, had struck him for nothing, and killed him. The furmanka was examined. A straw, ascending the nose of the corpse, made it sneeze; but still the game was kept up; and the group round the furmanka arranged itself to stare more comfortably. The doktorica lifted one of the eyelids and then let it go; it crept down over the eye again. . . . So the corpse rose and drove home the furmanka.

'The River of a Hundred Ways' is much more than a mere record, though, told as it is with delicacy and understanding, it would have been valuable as that; it is a fine piece of peasant psychology. The wiles of the peasants by the river Stokod are very like the wiles of other peasants by the Liffey; but perhaps only the Slav could have conceived some of the childlike tricks of which this book tells. Yet the tragedy that underlies all his whimsies gives our smile a wry turn. A woman was claiming more than her fair share of relief; "I have no pigs, no husband, no cows, no house," she cried; then her neighbour chimed in, "I am poorer, I have lost two husbands."

#### THE POETRY OF F. V. BRANFORD

*The White Stallion.* By F. V. Branford. Christopers. 5s. net.

THERE are occasions in the history of a critic when a sense of responsibility oppresses him. Let me at once confess to such diffidence before the poetry of Mr. F. V. Branford, whose second volume lies before me. And if, further, I confess to this sense of responsibility in writing upon him, it is not because I am so petulant as to imagine that eulogy in this journal, vilification in another, substantially modify or hasten his ultimate acceptance. It is rather because I feel that future votaries of his poetry will be curious to learn in what precise accents of eulogy or vilification his contemporaries welcomed him. Such qualities of lyric poignancy combined with philosophic passion are rare in any generation. Certainly, in his own, the generation of the younger poets, they are unparalleled.

They are qualities which do not preoccupy them in their intervals between discovering the Rutlandshire dialect names for stinkwort and tomtit.

I imagine that there will be little question concerning his lyric power. Lines like these would do no dishonour to any decade of our poetic history:

Vast seasons rolling grandly by  
Had stamped him with eternity.  
Man and mountain stood star-high.

He walked a slow, deliberate pace,  
And like the world that walks in space  
Seemed less a being than a place.

Surely in the simplicity and finality of words like "seemed less a being than a place" we recognize Blake's and Wordsworth's younger kinsman. Indeed, I realize how monstrous a claim I might seem to be making. But if a critic feels at length that only such and precisely such comparisons are valid, and is too craven to utter them, let him break his pens. He is a betrayer of both criticism and poetry.

What we demand from a poet (rarely recognizing how impudent it is to make any demands at all, to be anything but grateful for anything he may deign to give us) is a complete and simultaneous illumination of the senses and the soul. He makes us an accomplice of his own divine conspiracy, he makes us capable of his own intuitions. It may be thought that the senses respond sooner than the spirit. But that is a confusion. Although the *mind* has not had time to pursue all the intellectual inferences of a poem nor to comprehend the new and noble use of old symbolisms, spirit, leaping ahead of sluggard brain, is filled at once with a knowledge of this poet's and this poem's complete validity. Surely none of us can recall any reading of the great poems of his experience without realizing that this was the process he followed. For no other reason than this does a reader perpetually find fresh intellectual delights in poetry, fresh technical felicities he had never contemplated; whereas sensuously and spiritually his experience upon repeated readings is rarely so profound as his first experience and never transcends it.

That is why we recommend patience before Mr. Branford's poetry. It must be realized that this poet's prime poetical excitements are philosophies, which are as compulsive to his blood as the apparition of a chiff-chaff to other poets, and rendered by him, as has been seen already, into as vibrant a music. The present volume consists mainly of two masques, antiphonic and antithetic. The first, 'The White Stallion,' is the spirit of involution, of negation, or Oriental philosophy, that same beast of whom we hear in Revelation: "Behold a pale horse and his name that sat thereon was Death." The succeeding masque, 'Wonderchild,' is the opposed occidental spirit of progress, creative evolution. The poet's theory, here so nobly propounded, is that only when man holds in equipoise the dual aspect of reality can he attain equipoise. It is probable that the reader will not immediately relate the objects of his symbolism to their mystic, alchemical, and philosophical origins. Let him not shallowly imagine that because his own brain is ill-stocked these symbols are arbitrary. Here is no poetry to which he must take his little tape-measure and his book of Georgian rules:

Here laurel lies, here drops the high and holy  
Palm, on so much sorrow and so much song;  
Here's lotus bloom and secret of moly  
That to the wan well of thy wile belong:  
The years are grown with grief, yet round thy tomb  
Strange shapes that scarred thy soul are standing still—  
The lords of light beside the gods of gloom  
Bear cypress casks wherein are leaves of Ygdrasil.

Louis Golding

## New Fiction

By GERALD GOULD

*The Roadside Fire.* By Madeline Linford. Parsons. 7s. 6d. net.

*The 'Majestic' Mystery.* By Denis Mackail. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

*Arnold Waterlow: A Life.* By May Sinclair. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.

IT is impossible not to gather, from the reading of these three books, a sense of the importance of reality. Miss Linford draws people as they are, and that in itself makes beauty; Miss Sinclair draws people whom, with one very important exception, I cannot conceive as existing outside the covers of a novel, but, because of that one exception, her book is more than merely interesting; Mr. Mackail does not draw people at all, but the attitudes and gestures of people, and so his book can serve no higher purpose (as indeed I do not think it is designed for any higher purpose) than gently to beguile an idle hour.

'The Roadside Fire' is about a famine-relief station in Poland. Every single one of the little group gathered in those strange and harsh surroundings is brought home to the reader as either a personal friend or at least an intimate acquaintance: there is not, from first to last, one moment, one emotion, even one casual sentence, that does not ring true: but the main story is on the old theme of passion without romance. Audrey, irresolute, lonely and twenty-five, falls in love—if you can call it falling in love—with a thoroughly detestable man, a bully and bounder. She tries pitifully hard to blind herself to the truth, to ferret out and exalt his good qualities, to minimize his selfishness and caddishness; but in the end her essential honesty triumphs over her inflamed senses, and she breaks away from his caresses. That is the plot: Miss Linford handles it with rare economy and success.

Mr. Mackail has abandoned for the nonce—not, one hopes, for longer than that—the somewhat wistful recognition of emotion and of fact with which he used to give substance to his fancies; nor is he as funny as usual. He has tried here to combine the facetious vein with the mysterious: there is a violent death, but it is not allowed to depress anybody. The task thus attempted is not impossible of achievement: it has been achieved gloriously, achieved supremely, in 'The Wrong Box.' But then in 'The Wrong Box' every character, down to the corpse, was—if the paradox may be permitted—supremely and gloriously alive. Mr. Mackail's mystery is never more than ingenious, his fun never more than graceful (*less* than ingenious and graceful he scarcely knows how to be).

And so to 'Arnold Waterlow.' In Arnold's mother, Miss Sinclair has scored a notable and characteristic triumph; she has exposed to the core a common and odious type; she has stripped away every illusion from the narrowness, the coldness, the hardness, the assertiveness, the fantastic and simian egotism which so often masquerade as maternal love. The mother tries to prevent Arnold, first from marrying and then from "living in sin"—ostensibly because in the first case she thinks he will not be happy and in the second case she thinks he is wicked, but really in both cases because for him to have any happiness of his own weakens her malignant power over his body and soul. The thin and theoretic personality of Arnold himself, however, does but waver and wobble from one unreality to the next. Miss Sinclair pursues her now familiar method of picking out isolated and presumably significant episodes. I am wholly unable to gather what they signify. Moreover, they seem full of discrepancies. Now, in the old romantic method of fiction, discrepancies did not matter a bit. Emily Brontë could have made Heathcliff comb his hair with the pitchfork without in the least detracting from such reality as 'Wuthering Heights' possessed; for that

reality was a world of its own, where the manners, to say the least of them, were perfect freedom. But when your method largely consists of emphasizing: "Look how significant this apparently trivial detail is!"—then it is necessary to get your details right. And Miss Sinclair's details seem to me to be very, very often wrong. Of course I must not dogmatize about it; but I will give instances. I know nothing of the early history of organized football; but I find it desperately hard to believe that, even fifty years ago, a visiting team carried its own goal-posts with it! What did it do with them in the train? And was there ever a time when a little boy would have said about another: "I wanted the whole school to know he lied"? And of no boy of fourteen at an English public-school—or, I imagine, anywhere else—in the year 1877, could it have been said: "He had done with Virgil and Homer and was reading Horace and Euripides." Then again, how could Mrs. Waterlow be Mr. Fisher's sister-in-law? He was her children's uncle: if he had been her husband's brother, his name would have been not Fisher but Waterlow. Or how could Arnold have remained so obtusely unaware, year after year, that Winifred was in love with him? And his wife, when she ran away from him with another man and broke his heart—how could she leave a passionately apologetic letter containing the assurance: "Your dinner's keeping hot for you in the oven"? Presumably the dinner consisted of chops and tomato sauce. Or how again, later, could she write to him and sign herself, "Always your very affectionate Linda"? There are other incidents that seem unreal; but the most disconcerting thing of all is the absence of connexion between the incidents. We are given glimpses of Arnold's childhood; but they have small apparent relation to his after life. The one link definitely established is the charming nature of the mother:

When he was a little thing she had not cared for him as she cared for Richard, except when his father thrashed him. Now, when Rosalind had left him, she cared again. You had to suffer abominably to make her care.

But that only raises fresh difficulties. In the childhood part, there are two main situations, both highly "modern" and improbable, but still both undeniably possible. The mother loves Richard (who is to grow up into the conventional handsome self-indulgent black sheep) and does not love Arnold. Why does she not love Arnold? Because his birth was near in time to the death of another child she had loved, and his physical characteristics resemble those of that child. And the father (another charming character) takes pleasure in beating Richard and in petting Arnold because both actions annoy their mother. This looks like a deep, dark, Russian interior—the husband striking at the wife through the children: hatred, resentment, despair. But it all peters out, and one cannot conceive why it was ever put in. The father and mother seem to have quite a normal affectionate relationship, and the former goes bankrupt and takes to drink just like other fathers. But the last and greatest puzzle is Arnold's relationship with (a) Linda and (b) Effie. He marries the former, though she warns him that she will probably leave him for a pianist with whom she has already been living. Subsequently, she does so leave him. He promises that he will always wait for her and be willing to take her back. Then he falls in love with Effie, and lives with her and is perfectly happy. Then Linda returns. Now here is a real and big situation—old love and new, honour against happiness. Surely now, at last, Arnold will summon some character, some philosophy, will somehow face the problem and settle it? Not a bit of it: the knot is cut in the most conventional way, and he is relieved of the hard necessity of choice!

That a novel should give rise to so many controversial questions is, however, itself a tribute to the ability with which it is written; and indeed Miss Sinclair never fails in ability—only in probability.

## Motoring

### WINTER PREPARATIONS

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

ALTHOUGH the saying that "motorists are hardy fellows" was probably true when it was first coined, it need not be the fact to-day, if one may judge by the present types of cars that so well protect their passengers from the elements. Winter motoring dares "the elements to strife," but the present-day motorist need fear neither wind, rain, nor storm. Yet with the approach of shorter days and early darkness the wise motorist takes certain precautions to prevent chances of breakdown on the road at a season when adjustments made in the open air are usually performed under inconvenient circumstances. In the earlier days of the pastime the motorist would be busily engaged in trimming the wicks of the oil lamps and soaking them in vinegar to prevent undue smoking and blackening of the glass lenses. To-day he overhauls the battery of accumulators instead. These usually require an additional supply of distilled water to "top" the plates, in order that the electrolytic liquid properly covers them. Further, as a greater demand from the battery is made during the winter months than in summer it is also wise to see that the accumulator is kept fully charged by the dynamo fitted on the car. If the dynamo is not properly doing this work it also becomes necessary to give the battery a "boost" from outside electrical sources, and to adjust the dynamo to maintain an increased output for charging them. It is a very simple matter when handled by an expert electrician, yet easy to boggle when performed by an amateur. Fortunately the owner of any well-known make of battery never need trouble to attempt this adjustment with his own hands. For manufacturers of batteries have provided the public with free service depots all over the country. The Exide Battery Company, for instance, offer free facilities of this kind.

\* \* \*

Having satisfactorily attended to the lighting system on the car, acquired spare bulbs, and seen that all the wiring connexions are taut and in proper trim the motorist next pays attention to the details of the coach-work to prevent his nerves being irritated by jars or rattles that may be caused by doors, windows, and wind screens. For whether possessed of a touring car or a limousine the owner finds that slight noises seem to be accentuated in winter. The cause of this is that when the vehicle is closed in noises are heard that otherwise would be unnoticed. The interior of the carriage acts as a sounding board which is one of the reasons why many motorists prefer lined hoods on their cars. Of course, the proper cure for all such rattling is at the source of the trouble, but even an engine that appears perfectly silent in its running when the car is open may sound slightly noisy when the carriage is closed up, and so the coach-builder endeavours to line the interior with fabric that will not reflect sound. In England users of motor carriages are more concerned in regard to the degree of silence in the running of their motor carriages than our neighbours on the Continent. There they seem to desire to hear the loud and continuous beat of the exhaust gases issuing from the engine. Consequently every car abroad is fitted with a device to cut out the silencer and permit the exhaust to expand like roars of thunder directly in the open air. To those who use their cars at night time in country lanes a "cut-out" is a very useful device to act as a warning to other traffic on the highway, and it would often save risk of collisions if it was used with moderation on cars in this country. The difficulty in the past has been to prevent its misuse, and so this safety device has been abolished.

Cheaper petrol is a further inducement for motor carriage owners to run their vehicles in winter in place of laying them up in the garage until the spring-time. Fortunately for the motorist the present reduction in no way entails a lowering of the quality of the branded petrol. This is particularly essential for winter motoring as engines are never as easy to start from cold at that period as they are in warmer weather. It is therefore essential that the fuel should contain a high proportion of lighter fractions to give easier starting. Unbranded petrol is not always of such good quality as those fuels bearing well-known trade names. As lubrication is equally important as using a clean and well-distilled fuel, in winter it is advisable as a rule to use a slightly thinner lubricating oil than is customary in summer time, in order that too viscous oil may not gum up the pistons and add to the difficulty of starting. With too thick an oil the engine must also run for a longer period in order to warm the oil in the crank case and lubricate its parts properly. This, of course, wastes petrol. It has been found by motorists who use a mixture of half benzole and half petrol as their fuel for the engine that they get better starting in winter and equally good running by reducing the proportions to one-third of benzole to two-thirds of petrol. However one may arrange the fuel question it is always advisable in cold weather to crank the engine gently over for one or two revolutions of the fly-wheel before putting the electrical starter into operation so as to save the heavier strain on the plates of the battery by the greater torque required to turn the motor when cold unless the garage is warm and heated at night. Few garages are properly heated and so it is equally advisable to prevent frost attacking the water of the cooling circulation in the radiator and cylinders. There are a number of petrol or oil-using heaters available to motorists that can be placed under the bonnet of the car or hung on the radiator. These are quite inexpensive and obviate the necessity for emptying the water from the engine and radiator each night with the consequent refilling in the morning.

\* \* \*

This week has seen a new development in regard to the long established policy of the large distributors of motor spirit. On Monday last a public announcement was made that petrol was reduced by one penny per gallon for London and a zone embracing Aylesbury as the most western point and Worthing in the south. Thus the boundaries of the district in which motorists

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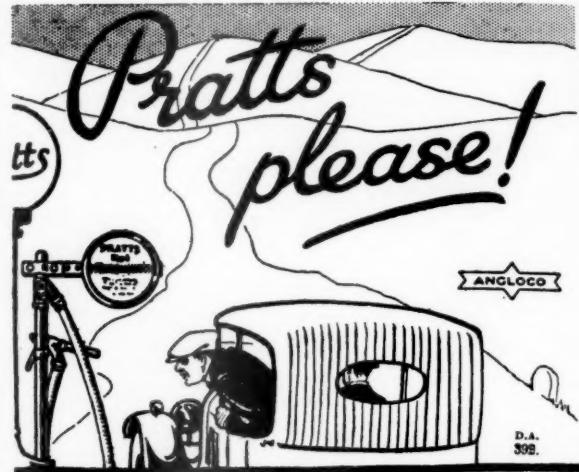
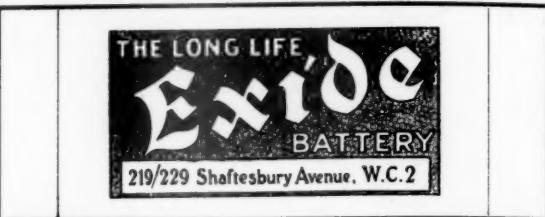
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can purchase petrol at the reduced price of 1s. 6½d. per gallon runs from Aylesbury to the South-East coast through Dunstable, Luton and Bishop's Stortford to Maldon. From the last named town the boundary follows the Essex, Kent and Sussex coastline to Worthing, where it strikes northward through Horsham, Guildford and Reading to Aylesbury. In the past petrol has cost the same price all over England, with an additional cost of one penny per gallon in Ireland and Scotland. Every user has known that by this system the distribution costs have been equalised; and as, naturally, these charges are less in the neighbourhood of the port, it is important to those in inland towns. To-day, as an experiment, the big petrol distributors of branded motor spirit are copying the methods of the owners of collieries—selling coal at a lower price at the pithead than in the towns far distant from it. As the distribution costs are less in London and district the petrol companies are giving users in this zone the benefit by a reduction in the cost of the fuel. Those living inside this area will welcome this bonus, but it is questionable whether these differing prices will not seriously affect some districts furthest away from the source of supplies. Their distribution costs will not be lowered, in fact they will actually be increased, as they will not get the benefit of the equalization of rate from those districts such as London, which have helped to pay part of this cost in the past. At any rate, those in the cheap fuel zone will always take care to fill up the tanks of their cars in order to avoid buying at the higher price outside the cheap petrol area, which must be harmful to those traders selling the fuel at a higher price. Also, should this system of zones be extended, motorists themselves will have to keep a close watch on the cost of petrol in various parts of the country, as there might be a dozen different prices in England at one moment, according to the district visited.

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The rate is 1s. per line—minimum five lines—and advertisements accompanied by P.O., should reach the advertisement manager not later than first post on Wednesdays.

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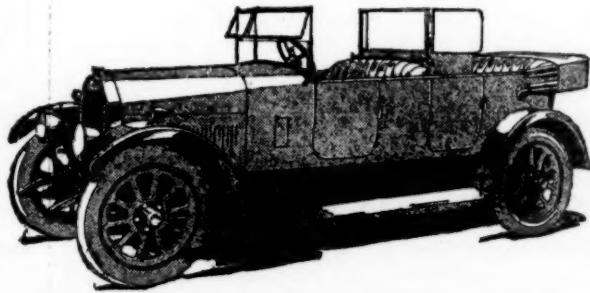
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## Round the Library Table

## ADVERSARIA

THIS week I have on the table before me a book whose dust cover is peculiarly attractive to me. It is a copy of a miniature to be found in four manuscripts showing nine little sketches of towns on an island; of especial interest because the towns are Roman settlements in this country and the island is a diagrammatic representation of Britain. The manuscripts are copies of a list of the officials, civil and military, of the Roman Empire at the end of the fourth century, and this particular drawing shows the Insignia of the Count of the Saxon Shore. Just now, when we are all rather excited about the possibility of a manuscript of this period or a little later turning up with the lost books of Livy, it is interesting to see how the *Notitia* have been preserved to us, and what chances of losing it altogether have been run.

\* \* \*

Every high dignitary in the Roman Empire when he took up his post had a diploma handed to him, containing a full account of the duties of his office, the staff under his command, and other such matters, and this diploma was decorated with the insignia of his office. Naturally the chief of the Chancery, the *Principicerius notariorum*, as he was called, had a complete list of all these offices, from which the diplomas were copied as required, but there could only have been a few copies of this list. When the Roman Empire lost its grip on the provinces, these lists became useless and were discarded, and no trace of any of them has ever been found, but somewhere about the tenth or eleventh century someone seems to have copied one of them, or a copy of one of them, and this copy was still to be seen in Spires up to the middle of the sixteenth century, when it disappeared and has never been seen again. Fortunately, however, one of the bishops at the Council of Basle heard of it and had a copy made in January, 1437, and this copy is now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and from it the reproduction in colour is made.

\* \* \*

I see I have not named the book. It is Miss Jessie Mothersole's *The Saxon Shore* (Bodley Head, 8s. 6d. net). A good many people have a very grateful memory of her account of *Hadrian's Wall*, published two years ago, describing her walk along the Wall, illustrated as it is by some charming sketches. This book is in some respects even better than the last. The period with which it deals is one of which we know a great deal less than we could wish to, though every day fresh knowledge is being added to our scanty store. Rome seems to have had a fleet to patrol the seas between the Straits of Dover and the North Sea, which was suppressed for a time, but when the Saxon sea robbers began their inroads, it was reorganized on a different basis and a few ships were allotted to each of nine or ten fortified harbours on the coast from the Wash to Southampton Harbour. The *Notitia* only names nine, and one of these is uncertain, but ten have been found. Miss Mothersole visits each of them in turn, tells us all that is to be known of them and gives us of her best in her drawings. It is a charming book, based on the best authorities.

\* \* \*

Readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW will have a special interest in a book nearly ready for publication, *The English Novel of To-day*, by Mr. Gerald Gould. It is a criticism and an appreciation—in both senses—of contemporary fiction.

LIBRARIAN

Acrostics  
PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

## RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the list printed on this page in our first issue of each month.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 133.

## TWO FAMOUS WARRIORS IN MY PILLARS VIEW :

ONE NEVER LOST A FIGHT, ONE MIDNIGHT-MURDERERS SLEW.

1. A plant, and Irish town known for its mineral waters.
2. A beast, and stuff at times used by our wives and daughters.
3. A bird, and iron bar on which some wagons travel.
4. Denotes a zone that's like to furnish sand and gravel.
5. 'Twas here that good old Homer first saw the daylight's splendour.
6. His feelings towards the Pope are not exactly tender.
7. Absurd it is, I grant, for no one can deny it.
8. Most murderous though it was, the foe gained nothing by it.
9. A kinsman all hold dear: his wealth we may inherit.
10. The gift his master gave was no reward of merit.
11. Him we may class with what some people call a "sperrit."

## Solution to Acrostic No. 131.

M	onomania	C
A	mbrosi	A
R	elentes	S
I	mproviden	T
A	sphode	L
E	leganc	E
D	irecto	R
G	enev	A
E	nergeti	C
W	atermar	K
O	ctobe	R
R	attle-snak	E
T	acitur	N
H	ygenis	T

ACROSTIC No. 131.—The winner is Mrs. Barker, 18 Portsea Place, W.2, who has selected as her prize 'English Portraiture in the National Portrait Gallery,' by Anthony Bertram, published at the Bodley Head and reviewed in our columns on September 6 under the title of 'Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor.' Ninety-one other competitors named this book.

AGAMEMNON, R. ARMITAGE, M. HURRELL, MATERFAMILIAS.—There was no misprint or mistake; October is a month, and a month is a twelfth (part of the year).

ACROSTIC No. 130.—One Light wrong: Vix, Margaret, Miss Geddes. Two Lights wrong: Lady Mottram, Agamemnon, Iona, Doric, Diamond, 3V.

Other results are unavoidably held over.

'Saturday Review'  
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SEPT. 20, 1924

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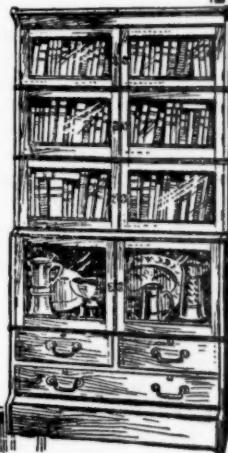
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## City Notes

Lombard Street, Thursday.

THE feature of markets this week has been the continued strength of gilt-edged issues. Not that sensational rises have been recorded, but despite disturbing factors, these issues, usually the barometer in such cases, have remained very firm. Two explanations are available as to this anomaly: the first that the market is being nursed for another Conversion Loan, the second that there is no floating stock, and therefore the usual flow of small buying orders gives the market an unusually firm appearance.

As regards the first reason, £134,000,000 Exchequer 5½ per cent. Bonds mature for payment on February 1 next, and the size of this amount points to a fresh Conversion offer. As regards the amount of floating stock, jobbers are not at the moment optimistic and are very diffident of putting any lines of stock on their books. It is therefore no simple matter to buy any quantity of such free dealing stocks even as 5 per cent. War Loan, and the price moves out of proportion to the volume of buying. There is no pressure to sell because the money is at the moment not required for other purposes. The approach of the reassembly of Parliament, with a possible General Election before Christmas, is exerting a restraining influence, and the majority of the house, while thankful that markets are firm, frankly admit they cannot see their way.

### AN EXCHANGE

My attention has been drawn to the anomaly in price of Czechoslovak 8 per cent., 1922, Series A and B. As I write, Series A can be sold at 102 and Series B bought at 99½. On October 1 the A's will receive a dividend of £4, less tax, and the B's £2 15s., less tax, after which date they rank equally, the only difference being the A's are redeemable on October 1, 1951, and the B's on October 1, 1952. Holders of A selling and reinvesting in B will make a profit of 1½ points per cent., plus income tax on £1 5s., less brokerage. A small turn worth collecting.

### TOBACCO

Last week I dealt with B.A.T.'s, this week I must refer to "Imps" or, to give them their full description, The Imperial Tobacco Company of Great Britain and Ireland, Ltd. Just as B.A.T.'s hold "Imps" so do "Imps" hold B.A.T.'s. The exact number is not published, but I venture to suggest that it is not far short of five million shares, and that the price that they figure at in the "Imp" balance-sheet is far nearer par than the present market price of 108s. Last year the Ordinary shares received 20 per cent., free of tax, and a share bonus. This year I expect 22½ per cent., free of tax, and something very like a bonus. Even if a bonus is not forthcoming, 22½ per cent. free, at the present price of 78s., gives a yield of £5 15s. 4d. per cent. free, which is equivalent to £7 8s. 10d. per cent. gross.

If we have political crises or not, war or peace, settlement or revolution, the consumption of tobacco will continue, and therefore in times of uncertainty such as the present, I do not think one can do better than invest in these two companies, whose dividends are being earned throughout the world every minute of the day.

### CAVEAT EMPTOR

The general tip in the City is to buy rubber shares, yet I fear to recommend any of these, for honestly I cannot see any reason for a sustained rise. The market is undoubtedly short of stock and limited buying has led to a sharp all-round advance. This has been caused by a rise in the price of the commodity attributed to American buying, yet it is hard to believe that we shall see American traders departing from their usual practice of marking time prior to a Presidential Election, and therefore I do not expect to see a continued rise in rubber on American buying until after November. Rubber shares will come into their own again one day and a buyer of the first-class shares who is prepared to wait will come to no harm but if the present buying movement stops, then those who have jumped in will find it as hard to sell as they do at present to buy. We have seen many of these movements in the past two or three years, and their fate makes one sceptical. This may be the genuine thing, but I feel bound to repeat the heading of this paragraph, "Caveat Emptor."

### OILS

The second cut in petrol having been made, the oil market should now go better, for Stock Exchange history has proved the truth of the proverb about "coming events." Now we know the worst. I look for a revival. Shells should be attractive at the present level and, given a cessation of internal troubles in Ecuador, Lobitos and Anglo-Ecuadorian would be well worth picking up.

### GERMAN SHARES

The inauguration of the Dawes Scheme has drawn attention to German Bank and Industrial shares and the following table may be of interest, showing the prices in sterling of a representative list early this year, in May, when prices were low, and at the moment:

	Feb. 15, 1924.	May 15, 1924.	Sept. 15, 1924.
Deutsche Bank ...	10½	4	5½
Disconto Gesellschaft ...	12	4	6½
Dresdner Bank ...	6½	2½	3½
Badische Anilin ...	16	6½	9½
Allgem. Electricitatges.	15½	4	4½
Hamburg Amerika Linie.	25½	9½	13½
Nordd Lloyd ...	5½	2½	2½

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

M.P.—The Dumont Coffee Pref. shares carry three years' arrears of dividend. I hear these will be paid off this year and that the Ordinary will also receive a dividend.

CARDIFF.—Dealings in West African Diamond Syndicate shares started this week. I consider them quite a promising speculation at the present price.

MAFAIR.—Central Mining and Union Corporation should suit you.

T.R.—Maypole Deferred for a lock up. They are now 5s.

POWER.—The three companies you mean are O.W.E.A.G., N.E.W.A.G., and S.T.E.W.A.G. All are power concerns and are dealt in on the Vienna Bourse.

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